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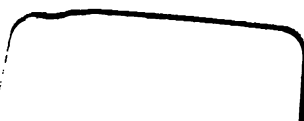
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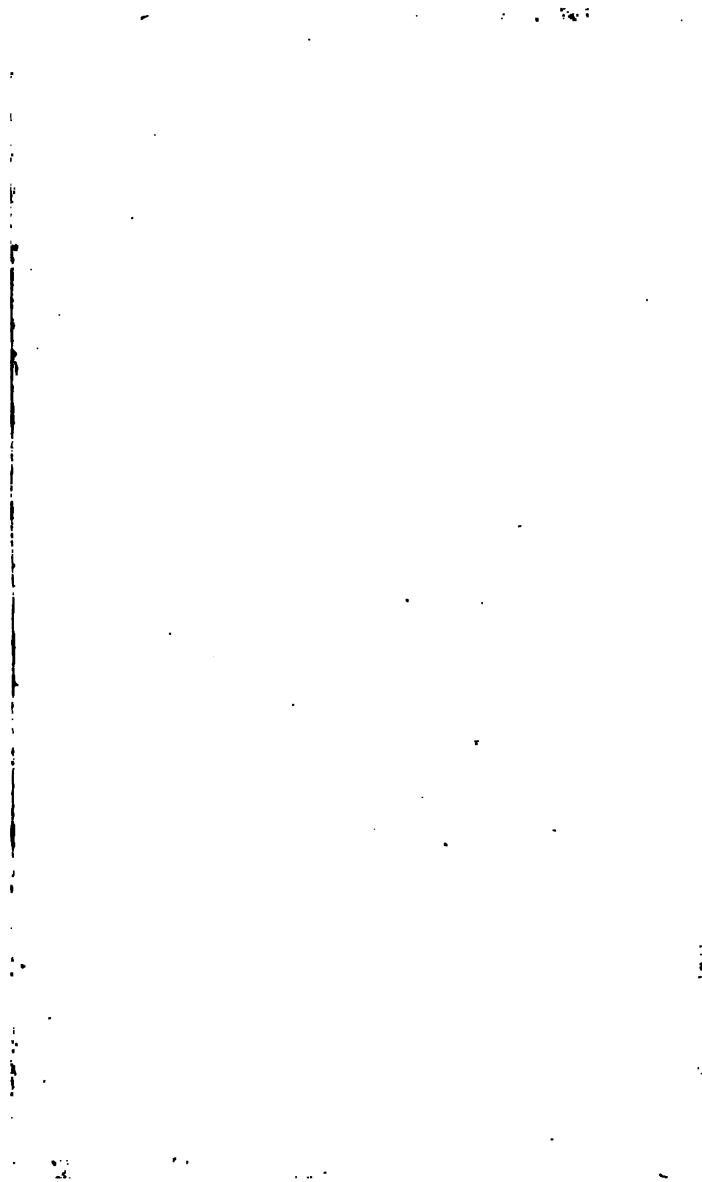
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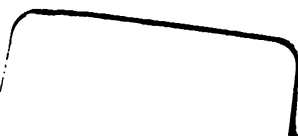
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ENGLISH SOCIETY
IN BRUSSELS,
DESCRIBED.

PRINTED BY LACHEVARDIERE,

RUE DU COLOMBIER, 30, PARIS.

ENGLISH SOCIETY
IN
BRUSSELS
DESCRIBED,
OR
LETTERS IN RHIME

ADDRESSED TO HIS COUSIN

BY

Horatius Cocles Wittol, esq. M. G. C.

*....Sunt quos genus hoc minimè juvat ; utpote plures
Culpari dignos.....
Omnes hi metuunt versus, odère poetam
Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge : dummodò risum
Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parçet amico.*

HORAT.

PARIS,
PRINTED FOR BAUDRY,
RUE DU COQ SAINT-HONORÉ;
AND LONDON,

FOR ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.

1825.



DEDICATION.

SIR,

When I venture to dedicate to your excellency a volume so little worthy of your notice, I should consider myself guilty of impertinence, if I did not know that a person, in your excellency's high station cannot look upon any thing that comes from so obscure an individual as myself, either with approbation or displeasure. And sincerely believing that some of the hints contained in my letter may be of use

to a stranger in Brussels, and an ambassador, I cannot avoid seizing the opportunity which a dedication, even without permission, affords me, of indulging my feelings, by expressing my very high esteem for your excellency's character, in public, as well as in private life. In doing this I am more bold, from the certainty, that although your excellency may have met with many of my relations in society (for the Wittols are not altogether unknown), you can never know the very humble person who has the honor to subscribe himself,

With the highest consideration and respect,
Your excellency's
most devotedly obedient servant.

H. C. WITTEL. A. S. S.

To his excellency sir CHARLES BAGOT,
Ambassador, etc., etc.

THE PREFACE.

The following Sketches were thrown into rhyme, for the writer's own amusement and that of a friend who requested him to afford some information respecting the english society in Brussels; but without any idea of Their ever appearing in print, to which indeed there seemed to be many objections. However, from a vanity natural to all scribblers, he allowed them to be read by several of his intimate acquaintance; from that time it became impossible to conceal them; the laugh they excited, and the interest attached to them in Brussels, gave rise to so many applications for copies of the manuscript, that the writer rather than be further tormented on the subject, resolved to allow a limited edition to be printed in order to gratify curiosity, in the circle to which the letters refer.

But as the little volume is fated to appear

in the world, it is hoped that it may produce some good effect, and be found to contain a useful moral. There is a malignant illnature, which more particularly displays itself in places where the society is confined to a small, and unvarying circle, that is unknown in large cities, where people, seeing new faces every day, and having a great number of acquaintances, are but little desirous of hearing anecdotes, or obtaining a knowledge of private character. Or rather the impossibility of gratifying such a desire, on a large scale, prevents its showing itself.

Scandal and gossip are the mental food of idleness and folly, and consequently of the majority, in such societies as we find in Brussels. It may be generally remarked also, that people residing at a distance from their own homes, and from the neighbourhoods where they are known, are apt to indulge in a foolish vanity, a sort of ridiculous pride, arising probably from an idea that strangers may believe them intitled to the degree of consequence, which they think proper to assume.

Who has not observed the would-be greatness of the little smart citizens and their well fed fine-dressed, wives at Brighton and Margate? The fancied importance of a great portion of british residents on the continent is equally apparent, and not less ridiculous. Many of them are but too succesful in passing for *what they are not*, and respectable persons are too frequently taken in by false appearances, while real worth, which is usually modest and unobtrusive, is treated with neglect.

It will be easily perceived that the principal objects of this little work are to strip the mask from some of those conceited impostors, and to show the scandal-mongers, that they too may be calumniated.

May we not fairly expect, that the proud man who fancies himself at the very pinnacle of fashion, and consideration, will abate a little of his pretensions, when he is informed that every body around knows him for a cheat, and a swindler, and despises him as such, however his civilities, or the idea of

his ability to be useful, may induce them, not only to conceal their contempt, but even to flatter his arrogant vanity?

May we not hope that the coward who conceals his want of spirit, under a mask of insolence, and swaggering, and that the woman who supposes her depravity hidden by a veil of prudery, will be less apt to give ear to, or take a pleasure in spreading every scandalous story of the day, against their neighbours, when they know in what light they are themselves considered in society, and what tales are in general circulation, respecting them? Will they not rather endeavor to persuade their friends, that calumny should not be implicitly believed, even though it should appear in a printed book?

If such an object can be attained, in any degree, the writer will not regret having sent his doggrels to the press.

There never was a work in which vice and folly were lashed by the whip of satire, where some persons have not imagined themselves or their neighbours particularly

pointed at; and of course these sketches will by many be supposed to be personal. That is an inconvenience not to be avoided, and the writer is prepared for it. He does not pretend to affirm, or deny, that such characters as are attempted to be drawn in these letters, really exist in Brussels; but of this he is quite sure that the vices and follies he attacks are to be found in the world, and it is therefore proper to expose them.

He is prepared to learn that many individuals will read, each, some one article in the book, with decided disapprobation, while they allow, that there is much that is just, reasonable, and founded in truth, in every other. It is not difficult to guess, that the critic who condemns a single article, while he assents to the justice of all the rest, is he who thinks himself alluded to in the one, and that the characters of his neighbours are painted in the others.

According to this calculation, the balance of opinion would be greatly in favor of the writer; but though he is satisfied that the

satire was called for, that the moral is good, and the effect intended to be produced, desirable, he is too conscious of the defects in his manner of managing his subject, and too well persuaded that false motives will be imputed to him, to be very sanguine in his hopes of being read with general approbation. A few persons however will appreciate him, many will laugh, and he sincerely hopes that some will be mended.

It was thought necessary, in compliance with the usual custom, to make these few remarks, which are partly explanatory, and partly apologetical, by way of preface. That duty performed, all that remains to be done is to send the letters to the post, and wish they may come safe to hand, which the writer, after deliberating some time whether it would not be wiser to put them in the fire, at length determines to do, crying—

VOGUE LA GALÈRE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The reader who has a metrical ear will have the goodness to observe that it is left to his judgment to supply, in reading, the necessary elision which, in many places, is not marked in the text. This is a usual practice in printing the latin poets, and has latterly been adopted, with much propriety, by some of the English.



ENGLISH SOCIETY IN BRUSSELS, DESCRIBED.

LETTER I.

.....

ENGLISH SOCIETY IN BRUSSELS.

Reasons for writing.—What subject intended.—The English left to themselves by the Belgians.—Two or three similes.—Brussels ladies rather shy.—English ladies fond of foreigners, and why.—Mr Wittol invites his cousin to accompany him in fancy to the different public places in Brussels.—The club and the cercle.—The English at écarter.—Offensive language.—Scandal.—Quarrelling not fighting.—The Café-Royal.—The Bal noble.—Young English women on the continent.—Judgment formed of the English on the continent.

*Quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? alea quando
Hos animos? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
Ad casum tabulæ, posita sed luditur arca,
Prælia quanta illic..... videbis?*

Juv. Sta. 1.

Ready to gratify my friends,
For past neglect to make amends,

And, as I've been so long your debtor
For many an unanswered letter,
I shall, at length, acquit myself,
Take down my inkstand from my shelf,
And, if I can, perform the task
Of answering the things you ask;
Nay, if I can't in one, dear cousin,
I'll write you letters ten, a dozen,
And, to compensate for lost time,
They shall be written now, in rhyme.
I vow 'tis more than I would do
For any friend on earth, but you,
Sure that my faults will be excused,
Whether you be, or not, amused.
I know you'll find my doggrels prosy;
But then my subject's far from dozy.
I wish I were a better scribe,
That I might, worthily, describe
The gentry of most notoriety
Among the English, in society
In this good capital, the samples
That John Bull sends, to give examples
Of living; to the Netherlanders;
But who like nags that have the glanders,
Whose neighbourhood is fraught with danger,
Are left to feed in a lone manger.

The Belgians view their guests with fright,
And never give them an invite :
No flemish house, they show a nose in,
Nay if they *call*, they are not *chosen*;
But they are welcome at the clubs;
Those sinks, like Danaïdal tubs¹,
Where you may fling your gold, like waters,
Poured ceaseless by the fifty daughters.
There, as elsewhere, does golden shower²
Gain entrance, by it's magic power.
Stay——Danaüs, and Danaë,
Each furnishing a simile,
Two in a breath, it is too bad;
You'll fancy I am Ovid mad;
But really, so pat they came,
I'm not so very much to blame.
Pray, pardon me, and, if I'm able,
I'll do without the aid of fable
To ornament my plain narration
With any light, or illustration;
And strait proceed to tell you, how
We are allowed to make our bow
At the Bal noble³, the place where
Alone, we meet the flemish fair
Who seem to think the specimen
We give'em, there, of Englishmen,

Sufficient quite ; for , like their spouses ,
They never ask us , to their houses .

Our english women , much less nice ,
Will get acquainted , in a trice ,
With every loose beau they meet ,
That's ready , to lay at their feet
The homage of an empty phrase ,
Unmeaning flattery , and praise ,
Or bon mot , oft accounted good
Because it is not understood .

Young ladies , who have been to school ,
Are all acquainted with this rule ,
That , not to smile , when Frenchmen grin ,
Against good breeding , is a sin :
For lookers on are apt to fancy
That those who don't , can't *parly francy* ;
But tho' , a word they cannot answer ,
To the fine speeches of their dancer ⁴ ,
And to say *oui* or *non* , are ill able ,
“ They *understand* him , every syllable ;
“ For french they can , like english , write ,
“ Altho' they don't pronounce it right . ”

“Twere ignorance , and want of learning ,
“Twere want of fashion , and discerning ,
If little misses could not tell
Better than they can sew , or spel .

That Englishmen are vulgar creatures,
With no expression in their features,
Who drink too deep, and love too ill,
And can contrive an hour to kill,
Sitting around a good coal fire
With Bordeaux, while their wives retire
To make the tea, and coffee, hot,
Or put *the water in the pot*;
That John Bull's awkward in the dance,
And can not sing the sweet *romance*⁵,
Nor gracefully his love impart,
Whate'er the feeling of his heart,
But fills the house with great fat boys,
And romping girls, to make a noise;
Without once praising his wife's eyes
Or talking love, or talking lies;
Leaving the passion to be guessed,
That's seldom, by his tongue, expressed,
While Frenchmen can so sweetly speak
Of love, and kiss upon each cheek,
Or, graceful, touch, with whiskered lips,
Some withered hag's lean finger tips.
'Tis for these reasons, Mr Bull
Finds the society so dull;
Tho' Frenchmen Flemishmen, and Dutch
Frequent my lady Bull, so much.

But stay... Suppose you lounge with me
 In fancy, noting all we see
 In club, in hall, or gay saloon,
 At evening rout, or walk at noon.
 Come with me into park, and street,
 At church, and playhouse, take a seat.
 Give me your patience, for an hour,
 And, to the best of my poor power,
 I'll make you, with our town, acquainted;
 Our characters shall so be painted,
 And all about us, made so clear,
 That, were you with us for a year,
 You could not be, a bit more knowing
 As to what Brussels folks are doing.

First, in a general review,
 The gentlemen, and ladies too
 Shall be inspected, all *en-masse*,
 Then, more minutely, as they pass.
 In single files, by twos, and threes,
 Nay, we'll examine, if you please,
 How some are, in *manœuvres*, skilled,
 And, how the young recruits are drilled.
 'Tis one o' clock, let's to the club, or
Cercle, to see them play a rubber,
 And if we like a crown to risk,
 Or at *écarté*, or at *Wiské*.

We shall be welcome to the table,
 And, joining in the crowd, be able
 To see the players take thier stations,
 And make our quiet observations.

Gods! what a scene of broil, and squabble;
 Who ever saw more vulgar rabble,
 More angry looks, more bile, and choler,
 More shabby wrangling for a dollar?

« Sir! you've not put your money down, —
 » You've done me, this time, of a crown;
 » I tell you so, and to your face, —
 » 'Tis not your turn to have the place:
 » Some folks can always turn the king's, —
 » I'm sure, sir, it is no such thing —
 » That gentleman has got six cards,
 » Among us there are some *black guards*.
 » I say, it is too bad a joke,
 » That people should so oft revoke.
 » God bless me! I have such bad sight,
 » I wish my friends would set me right, —
 » Yes, sir, but you make no mistakes
 » Against yourself, and, if the stakes
 » To pay us all, are not sufficient,
 » One never sees *your share deficient*.
 » Surely you take us all for geese. —
 » Excuse me, that's my five franc piece.

Now, mark, as each man turns his back,
How those that stay, his fame attack.

« Did you see, how he tried to cheat?

» His wife has scarce a bit to eat,

» Poor man! he's ruined; lost his all.

» I thought his pride would have a fall,

» He knows not where to beg, or borrow;

» I'm sure he'll be in gaol to-morrow.

» He cannot have a good estate, or

» He'd not take money of the waiter,

» He owes a man I know, a hundred

» A hundred what?—Francs.—Oh! I wondered;

» For cash so little here abounds,

» There's none could lend a hundred pounds;

» And, if they could, they'd not get paid it.

» But who the deuce would give him credit?

» Pray, who is he, that's just gone out?

» He seems a vulgar stupid lout;

» Tho' not ill-looking, as to phiz.

» I've no idea who he is;

» But I shall dine with him, to-day,

» Tho' I at home had rather stay,

» Some friends of mine, are to be there,

» So, who my host is, I don't care;

» But, whosoe'er he be, my vote is,

» That we shall bring him into notice;

- » For, if he gives us a good dinner,
- » Tis doing well for a beginner.—
- » Pray are you going to the concert?
- » You know there is a *right*, and wrong sort
- » Of company, the high, and low.—
- » Who are these people, do you know?
- » The fact is, the man came to me,
- » And said, how much obliged he'd be,
- » If I'd his music party grace,
- » What could one do, in such a case?
- » But tho', this favor I may do him,
- » It does not follow, we're to know him;
- » He's Irish, and the K****s-don't;
- » As for my wife, I'm sure she won't.

You wonder, cousin, nay you fear
 Some sad result, from all you hear;
 You think, mayhap, that blood alone
 Can, for such injuries, atone;
 And it must add to your anxiety,
 To know, that some, in this society,
 To whom; detraction's drink, and meat,
 Will, every word that's said, repeat
 With added falsehoods, alteration,
 Illnature, and exaggeration,
 To those, whose going out, gave rise
 To so much scandal; sneer; and lies;

The badness of thier hearts , concealing
 Under a mask of friendly feeling ;
 But cease your fears , we have back biting ,
 And *quarrels* here , but never *fighting* ;
 For tho' , in many things , we do ill ,
 We all abhor the murderous duel .

Now , ere we quit the club , 'tis fair
 I should observe , that , even there ,
 One meets a gentleman , or two ,
 It must be owned , they are but few ,
 Who do some credit to old England ,
 Tho' , with the common herd , they mingle , and
 Tho' they play whist , and tho' they bet ,
 And lose thier cash , yet ne'er forget
 What they owe to themselves , as man ;
 Who wont insult you first , and then ,
 If you resent the insult , quail ,
 And , like some base cur dog , turn tail ,
 Ready to pocket an affront ,
 When they have pocketed your *blunt* .
 I know some here , who're too well bred
 To play , as if thier daily bread
 Depended on thier daily gains .
 No angry word thier language stains ;
 They stand too high , to look for fame
 By publishing another's shame .

And never seek , in defamation ,
The matter of their conversation ;
They've too much heart , and too much sense ,
To wish , at other folks' expence ,
To keep up their good name , or table
I'll point you out one , if I'm able ;
Observe that man , whose tongue's so quiet
Amidst the general noise , and riot :
I never heard even slander say
A word in his dispraise , and may
Aver , I never knew his tongue
Speak ill of either old , or young ;
Manners , and conduct both correct
Secure him general respect.

Now to the club we'll bid adieu ,
And , if you've nothing else to do ,
We'll step to Perceval's , and take
A soup , and cutlet , or a steak ,
And , to wash down our humble fare ,
A bottle of cheap ordinaire :
That over , 'twill be time to dress
For the grand ball of the noblesse ;
But let us look round , as we dine ;
I see a worthy friend of mine
Feasting with Bordeaux , and Champaigne
Paid for out of this morning's gain ;

Whose wife, neglected, and alone,
Is sighing over a cold bone.
Another spends, to his own cheek,
More than would keep his house a week.
So at the club, and table d'hôte,
The man who'll grudge his wife a groat,
Wont grudge a *Nap¹⁰*, in getting jolly,
Nor yet a couple to his Dolly.

Now, like the hat of Fortunatus,
Fancy shall to the ball translate us,
Where we shall see the upper set
Fenced round by strictest etiquette:
Tho' all are noble at the ball,
Yet some are great, and some are small,
Those have there own sanctum sanctorum,
Where these may not come in to bore'em;
The English only ever break
The etiquette, of which I speak,
With impudence, beyond example,
On all established rules, they trample.
Those whom you see so rudely push,
And to the foremost places rush,
Are Londoners, some Bob, and Billy,
Smart shop keepers, from Piccabilly
The Borough, Oxford road, and Wapping;
As fond of gaiety, and hopping,

As full of vulgar mirth, and joy,
As those, that come down by the hoy,
Or steam, or stage coach mounted high on,
To cut a swell at Dandelion.

Those little misses, in the crowd,
Who look so bold, and talk so loud;
Who laugh, and flirt, before our faces,
And make such fuss, about their places;
Not pleased, unless they have the upper,
And are the first led in to supper,
Are specimens of British lasses
Taken from out the trading classes,
Who fancy impudence good breeding,
As talking bad french, shows their reading;
Whose mothers think the time well spent,
Which they pass on the continent,
And that two, or three winters there,
Will give them quite a foreign air:
Not dreaming, that they might as well
Three years in Wales, or Scotland dwell,
As three years here, when they're not known
To any female in the town;
And only see them, if at all,
Occasionally, at a ball.
Young Dutchmen teach them to speak french,
Strange tutors for an English wench!

Mama thinks no girl so well off as here,
When she can *parly* with the Officers,
Who can not, with their epaulette "*"*,
Put on good breeding, or forget
All in a day, what they had learned
During the time they were *caserned*,
And lay with filthy camarade
On straw, before they got their grade.

'Tis thus young English women oft
Have nothing of that air so soft,
So lady like, and feminine,
That we at home, think so divine,
But, when they've spent some seasons here,
Grow bolder than a grenadier.

You now can rightly understand
Why, every where in foreign land,
The English have the reputation
Of being an ill mannered nation.
Those who've not visited our isle,
And only know us in exile,
Are apt to think, we have left home,
And vagabond, in Europe roam,
Only, because there is no merit
In England, to make one prefer it.
They judge our women, and our men,
From the unhappy specimen,

That crimes, or debts, have forced abroad,
One half of whom, should be outlawed
Or, from the vulgar, cockney class,
That, in strange countries, seek to pass
For gentlefolks, and try to keep
Good company or rather creep
Into society, *sideways*
Like the hooped belles of other days,
They judge the conduct of our wives,
By those, whose shameful, unchaste lives
Are viewed with universal scorn
At home, but who oft here adorn,
Because unknown, the circles gay
Frequented by the *haute volée*.
So have I seen some noxious weed,
The produce of the vilest seed,
Nursed by the hand of lady fair,
And cultured, with the nicest care,
To ornament her brilliant halls,
Or bloom within a palace walls,
Which in its native, distant clime,
Neglected grew; for 'tis the crime
Of flowers, as it is of woman,
To be too *hardy*, or too *common*.

Our modest british maidens too
They falsely judge of, from a view.

Of some few Anglo-Flemish slatterns ,
Who're surely any thing , but patterns
Of English daughters ; educated
In part by soldiers , as I've stated ,
And , partly , by some low grisette .¹² ,
Whose graces come from the guinguette .¹³ ;
Who , as their governess , or maid , is
The confidante of the young ladies.

But have we not enough admired
This brilliant scene. — If you feel tired ,
Here we'll , our first day's labor , close ;
For even fancy needs repose.

To morrow , we'll go up , and down ,
Taking a ramble , through the town ,
And visit fashion's gay resort ,
In English club , or Belgian court.
Good night. I shall be yours at ten ,
And bid you , here , adieu , till then.

LETTER II.

THE SIPHTHORPS.

A walk in the park.—A man in black.—Polly Hopkins.—
Her relations.—More graceful on horseback than on
foot.—Her children and their numerous kindred.—A
bully easily put down. — A jay in borrowed plumes.—
Boasting. — Means. — And ways. — Cambre Bos, and an
exchange of wives. — Touchstone and Andrey.—Adieu.

Can' ch'abbaia assai, non morde mai.

ITALIAN PROVERBS.

POL. *Si sapis, quod scis nescis.*

TER.

Now, cousin, if you have reposed
Sufficiently, and feel disposed
To take, with me, a morning walk,
Friend Tom shall join us, and we'll talk
More in detail, for he can tell us
Much that I don't know, of these fellows.
Come then. — We'll onward, to the park,
When the game springs, Tom shall cry mark!
So.—Let's proceed with our review
Of this conceited, motley crew;
Let's strip'em of their tinsel dress,
Those would be great, will then look less

Respectable , than Falstaff's corps ,
The ragged regiment of yore.

Here's one , in melancholy black ,
He's lost some freind , poor man , good lack !
No , no , cries Tom , you are misled ;
He mourns , because duke Humphry's dead ,
Know you not , that his rib's a relative
(Tho' so plebeian his appellative) ,
To some relation of a cousin
Ten times removed , if not a dozen ,
Of the lamented duke deceased ;

'Tis thus , with consequence increased ,
They put on black , five times a year ,
And swear 'tis for some confined peer ;
But dress in black , or dress in blue ,
Poor *Polly Hopkins* it won't do ;
Claim cousinship with whom you may ,
And dress in mourning every day ,
It only makes more plain folks grin ,
To see how high you cock your chin .

Poor woman ! when you hear her talk ,
Or mark the swagger of her walk ;
If , any Humphrey's kin , you think her ,
It can be only Humphrey Clinker .
But if , in some things she wants grace ,
And , tho' a court is not her place ,

Tho' she's so awkward, in a room,
She does some credit to the groom,
Much more than to the dancing master,
For who rides better, bolder, faster?

If she takes pride in a variety,
Of kinsfolk, wide spread in society,
There's something more than a suspicion,
That she has pushed this just ambition
So far, as to take special care,
That each young son, and daughter fair,
Each stranger, at each lying-in,
Should have a different set of kin.

But I've delayed too long with Polly
Let's leave her to her favorite folly
Of parlying bad french with Dutchmen
Past beauties may still *pass* with such men;
And, tho' I hate to quit the ladies,
I must inquire what sort of blade is
Her worthy husband, and go back
Once more, to the great man in black.

I think I've heard, in an old play,
The liar, who's the hero, say
Something of one, or I'm mistaken,
Who was called *Hopkins*, but had aken
The name of *Sipthorp*, in addition,
With an estate, on that condition.

Here we've the real *Hopkins Sipthorp*
Who, when you tease him, lets his lip drop,
And gets so much *down in the mouth*,
From proud *North* he soon falls to south.
There's no man whose wrath kindles quicker
Than Sipthorp's, when at all in liquor,
And, as he's not famed for sobriety,
He'd be a bully in society,
If he were not so soon put down,
By a bold fighting look, or frown.
He's always sulky out of season,
He'll quarrel, for no earthly reason,
And then, he'll bully, and provoke,
Until it's quite beyond a joke;
But when your patience is worn out,
And you turn on him, sharp about,
Tho' he so quick to take offence is,
He's brought as quickly to his senses;
Then with fallen crest, and humble whine,
'Tis: "*Monsieur, take a glass of wine*".

He was a soldier once, or wore
A *soldiers coat* at least, his corps
However, and his father thought
He'd better sell, as he had bought,
For in war time one can't well serve,
Unless one has a little nerve;

Which Siphthorp had not , and the army
For him , had but one single charm , he
Loved neither musquet , sword , nor dagger .
But loved much , in red coat to swagger ,
And as it was in good condition ,
When he was selling his commission ,
To sell his red coat , he was loath ,
And so , put by his bit of cloth ,
In which , with epaulette , and sash ,
At court here , he cuts such a dash ;
A second Captain Bobadil ,
Who twenty men a day , could kill ,
Not practically , but in theory ;
He's lucky , between you and me , or he
Might have been kicked out , in disgrace ,
For having dared to show his face ,
Even in a gracious monarch's sight ;
In clothes , to which he had no right ;
For strutting through the royal rooms ,
A prating jay , in borrowed plumes .

He tells us of his father's rental ,
His brother's fortune Oriental ,
And distant chances of a peerage ,
Who's now , he says , of such a queer age ,
That 'tis not likely he will marry ,
Nor yet on earth much longer tarry ,

Such is his tottering state of health ;
That, when he goes, he'll leave his wealth
Among the Siphthorps, his relations,
Who live on hopes, and expectations ;
His cattle, and his coach, meanwhile,
Add, not a little, to their stile :
This, with whatever they can earn
At cards, or by a lucky *terne* ; ,
Enables them to cut a figure :
And, I am sure, none here look bigger
Than they do, but there's one more shift,
By which they sometimes get a lift,
Post obit bonds, to pay their bills,
Cash raised on the *Northampton Hills*.

Now having spoken of their *means*,
Let's peep again, behind the scenes,
To see a little of their *ways*,
And, how far they, deserve our praise.

Not far from hence, there is a wood,
For pupose of intrigue as good
As close *boudoir*, or lady's chamber,
The *Cambre Bos*, or wood of Camber ;
There many an amorous couple stray,
The sultry hours to while away,
When summer's genial sunshine warms
The manly breast, and woman's charms

Most deeply wound the lover's heart ;
When oft , in vain , does woman's art
A rising passion , try to hide ,
For some gay dangler at her side ,
Too soon revealed , by tender sigh ,
Or soft glance , from a speaking eye.
There many a dark , and lonely glade
Invite you , to enjoy the shade ;
There happy lovers spend their hours ,
On mossy bank reclined , in bowers
Sheltered alike , from mortal gaze ,
And from the sun's too ardent rays.
'Twas thither Polly bent her way ,
With the Lothario of the day ,
While Siphthorp , and Lothario's dame
Played , somewhere else , their amorous game :
For it was ever understood ,
That they should not approach the wood ,
While Polly , and her swain were there ,
Lest they should cross the happy pair :
In short , things were so well arranged ;
That wives , and husbands were exchanged
And , as each pair rode through the grove ,
The *cucook's* song proclaimed their love ,
No faithful doves there bill , and coo ,
But Cambre echeos with « *cuckoo* » ⁶ ,

LETTER III.

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THE JEW AND HIS MISTRESSES, HIS DAUGHTER AND HER AMOURS.

Picture of a Jew.—His wife, children, and concubines.—
Father's and daughter's amours compared.—Jessica.—
An apprenticeship to flirting.—Young Englishwomen not
all like Jessica.—A compliment to three Irish beauties.
—The Jew would pass for a wealthy squire.—Cut in
Bristol for his scandalous way of living.—A wife and
daughters *on foot* and *a concubine in a coach*.—A pedigree
in the antediluvian stile.—The charity boy.—
Turned banker.—Extrême christianity of the family at
present.—Recommended to return home.

*Cast out this bondwoman, and her son: for the son of this
bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with ISAAC.*

HOLY BIBLE.

*Vulnus alit venis et cæco carpitur igni.
Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recurat
GENTIS honos.*

VIRGIL.

Who's he so clownish, and so clumsy?
I know him not, but I've heard some say,
His christianity was new,
And he, a late converted Jew.

I can't say, if he's lost his forsekin ;
But, I am sure, no Turk's, or Moor's skin
Is half so coarse, or half so yellow,
No Jew's so swarthy, or so sallow,
No Negro, has *such* swollen lips,
No Hottentot such—, and hips.
To look at him will make your eye sick ;
He's circumcised, or christened, Isaac,
Or Abraham, or some such name :
But he's no Sarah. for his dame ;
Fruitful, and handmaidish, like Hagar ;
If he be short, she's long, and *maigre* :
Nor can he say, his wife is barren,
Who breeds, like rabbits, in a warren :
But then her children are such frights,
Such black, and swarthy Ismaelites
And she is such a queen of hags,
A withered may pole, dressed in rags,
I have not wondered, since I knew her,
That he no more *goes in unto her* ;
But keeps a pretty concubine :
I'm sure I should, if she were mine.
Yet people will be down upon him, he
Came here, the folks say, for œconomy,
And whatsoe'er his amorous distress is,
It is not right, he should keep mistresses ;

But be content with matrimony,
 Make love at home, and save his money;
 To make it *out*, so very dear is,
 When one so ill looking, and queer is.

His pretty daughter does it better;
 For who in Brussels, has not met her
 At rout, and ball, in street, or park,
 At summer eve, when almost dark,
 In winters chilly morning air,
 Love making always—every where
 A Jessica^a, with her Lorenzo :
 (Young christian girls dont go with men so)
 For seven long years, 'thas been her pastime,
 'Tis said, for nothing else, she has time,
 And all, without expence to her,
 In any thing, but *character*.
 Now, tho' all this is known, and common,
 None doubt that she's a *gentlewoman*;
 At least, to doubt her *womanhood*,
 Would be, to doubt of flesh, and blood,
 But courting time is often spent ill,
 Girls *women* groow, before they're *gentle*,
 And many think 'twill never come
 To marriage, with her *gentilhomme*.
 Love making like no other trade is,
 And I would counsel all young ladies,

To serve at it no 'prenticeship,
For in seven years, they may let slip
A chance of being *bound* for life.
Most husbands would prefer a wife
Not over knowing in her duties,
Like some of our young Brussels beauties,
And be content to take the trouble,
Or pains of teaching, were it double,
Sooner than have one ready broke in
To every thing, but to the yoking;
And sure no man alive content is
Whose bride has been another's 'prentice.

But let me, in this place, declare,
In justice to the british fair,
That many a blooming maiden, here,
From satire's pen, has nought to fear,
Whose modest virtues serve, not less
Than all her person's loveliness,
To prove the truth, of Britain's boast,
That, through this globe, from coast to coast,
Her wives, and daughters are confessed
At once, most beautiful, and best.

Now, for a moment, if I stray,
And wander from my subject, pray
Forgive—tho' censure claim my lays,
I feel how sweeter 'tis to praise.

Three blushing girls from Erin's isle,
Whose innocent, and artless smile,
Whose modest, unobtrusive charms,
Deprive, even satire, of her arms,
Claim that we mark them, and approve;
Esteem for these, unites with love.
She whose dark eye's so softly mild,
Tho' yet, herself, almost a child,
Has long, a mother's place, supplied,
To the sweet orphans at her side;
Hard task! for one so young and fair,
Six helpless sisters claimed her care,
Who're taught in virtue's path to grow,
And sooth a widowed father's woe.

I could stop long, and long admire,
But, 'tis high time we should retire;
Such picture's would, if seen too often,
Unfit me for my task, and soften
Too much, my slender stock of gall,
Already, for my task, too small;
But we'll recruit, as we review
The sensual, and purse proud Jew.

Aye proud! you wonder; but he's proud,
Thinking he passes in the crowd
At Brussels, for a wealthy squire,
An English gentleman, whose sire

Left him a good estate, in tail
For him, and for his issue male;
And who came, to save money, here,
Out of seven thousand pounds a year,
That younger sons, and daughters fair
Should of his wealth have, each, a share,
Not dreaming, that he's as well known
In this country, as in his own.

The Bristol people have a way
Of showing thier contempt, they say,
For Jews, that openly transgress
And shock them by some gross excess
That gives example to the crowd,
Of sins, that seem to cry aloud
For chastisement; by immorality,
Debauchery, and sensuality;
Vices, that take a deeper dyë,
And become guilt, in the world's eye;
When, in a father's soul, they reign,
And when, the character they stain
Of one no longer young, who should
Teach sons, and daughters, to be good:
The method is, I think, to send
The man, that dares so to offend,
Immediately, to Coventry:
A trip, that some don't like to try;

But rather , at whatever cost ,
For Flanders straitway will take post.
Brussels , in this respect's convenient ,
For Bristol is not half so lenient
Towards elderly , grave gentlemen ,
And thier small vices , that is , when
They're rich enough , to entertain ,
Give balls , and some good stile maintain ;
In that case , wife , and daughters may
Trudge on two legs , from day , to day ;
While an old lecher keeps his hack ,
To take him to his W—, and back ;
And while (what some think ten times worse is)
He keeps , for Doll , a coach ; and horses ,
And pays , in pension , or in portion ,
Sums , out of measure , and proportion ,
To put his harlots , off his hands ;
Embarrassing his stock , or lands ,
To furnish bastards with a living .

In short , here , we are so forgiving ,
These are the sort of men we chuse ,
When our young folks we would amuse ,
On whom , our nomination falls ,
To be the stewards of our balls .

Our hero never dreams , we know a
Jew's pedigree , from Seth , to Noah .

One needs no conjuror, or wise acre,
 To tell how abram begot Isaac, or
 How the entailed estates of both,
 Were, once, not worth a mess of broth:
 But tho' I've known such names, in Genesis
 I hope I never shall again, as his.

He struts about, like ancient Pistol,
 Tho' known, as well, here, as in Bristol:
 But, even there, they can but trace,
 For one step back, his Hebrew race.

The charity school boy, his father,
 From Bristol chronicles we gather,
 At Coulson's learned to read, and spell,
 To write, and cast accounts, so well,
 That he set up the Lombard's sign³,
 And grew the founder of a line
 Of swarthy christains, passing wealthy;
 But much too yellow to look healthy.
 We know how a Jew's fortune's made,
 By *honest* industry in trade,
 By lending, upon good security,
 With all due probity, and purity.

Such is the character, and story
 Of the brown Israelites, before 'ye.
 But, now, no family at prayers,
 Is half so regular as theirs,

And none so fond of ham, and pork ;
On saturdays ; the ladies work ,
The men , on sundays , never play ,
Nor break the christian sabbath day .
Nay , Miss (the fact well known , and true is) ,
Would rather *Gentile* be , than Jewess .
This may be land of milk , and honey ;
But 'tis no land for matrimony :
And much I fear ; the lovesick dame
Must back to Bristol ; as she came ,
To sigh the long nights , to her pillow ,
And deck herself with the green willow .

Too long have these Jews teased , and vexed us ,
'Tis high time , they should make their *Exodus* .
But , if they won't , we'll leave 'em here ,
As we have much to do , elsewhere ;
And , if you think , they've got enough ,
We'll now proceed to other stuff :
And cunning Isaac must excuse ,
If here we make him our adieus .

Now farewell , cousin , for my next
A man of Kent shall give the text .
He's one of our most evil doers
And greatest men here : — I am yours :

LETTER IV.

THE CANTERBURY TALE.

The ball. — English in their finery. — Disguises. — A volunteer. — Cut in Kent. — The prison, the only house in that county where he would be received. — Cheating a friend and robbing an Orphan. — Speculating with other people's money, or a contested election. — What would have been the effect if he had succeeded. — Treatment of his mother-in-law. — As much of the *roture* in his family as in hers. — The unfortunate pony. — Snug and secure without the walls. — A dupe at play. — Different sorts of rogues. — Courtied as a patron. — John Bull not fastidious, and an Ox taken in by an ass.

MASC. *Vous avez fait ce coup sans vous donner au diable?*
LÉL. *Oui. D'un tour si subtil m'aurois-tu cru capable?*

MOLIÈRE.

Dear cousin, if you've not been made
Too weary, by our promenade,
I'll take you with me, to the ball;
Where we shall see the English, all
In finest bibs, and tuckers dressed;
Wives, maids, and widows in their best;

Where men, as timorous as rabbits,
And of exceeding peaceful habits,
Appear in military coats,
Bucks dandy, horned bucks, and Buck goats.

'Tis not a masquerade, observe,
Nor yet, a thing that may deserve
The name of fancy ball, altho'
Something of each; for people go
In strange disguises, priests like laymen,
Poltroons in scarlet, and coarse draymen
In rich embroidery, while jews
The christian habit boldly use,
As every Hebrew does, that rich is;
Jerries, dressed manfully in breeches
Which they must not put on at home;
Wives too, in petticoats, and dumb,
Who small clothes wear, in their own houses,
And talk, to deafen their poor spouses:

One of the best disguises here
Is yonder wretched VOLUNTEER,
That conscience stricken—looking man
So sickly, lean, so pale, and wan,
Whose dress is a gay regimental;
But whose face tells, that he has spent all.
He's of the charity committee;
But ah! my cousin, what a pity!

That charity can't, in his case,
Nor yet can uniforms, and lace
His multitude of sins; conceal,
Or the deep wounds of conscience, heal.
His is a *Canterbury tale*, or
The story of one, whom the gaoler
Is looking out for, now, in Kent,
To lodge him snug, and free of rent :
But he would roam, this wide world over,
Sooner than show his nose in Dover.
There's, in the county, just one door
Would open to him, and no more,
And that's a door, that, if he passed,
Would close again, to keep him fast.
The worthy Kentish men look shy
On him, and give him the go by.
How odd! to kick up such a dust,
For such a trifling breach of trust,
Cheating a freind, when off his guard,
Or robbing his young orphan ward.
Was not the money wisely spent,
To buy a seat in parliament?
If, to buy seats, folks may be said,
When, tho' the purchase money's paid,
No seat is, after all, obtained,
Nor any useful object gained;

But they fall to the ground, like fools
That take a *seat* between two stools :
'Tis buying a pig, in a poke ;
'Tis spending cash, to purchase smoke :
And those, who do it, find, too late,
That they did wrong, to speculate,
And may be, very fairly, matched
With folks, that chickens sell, unhatched.

But, after all, was he to blame,
If the electors chose to name
An *honest* man, to represent
Their interest, in parliament ?
He was unlucky, but suppose
That he had triumphed o'er his foes,
Become a member, and could vote .
Backwards, and forwards, turn his coat,
And rat, or stick through thick, and thin,
To those that happened *to be in*,
A thing to play on, like a flute,
If it could any purpose suit.
What then might be his situation ?
Would he not equal be, in station
To minister, or secretary
Political, or military ?
Might he not manage to secure
Some pension, or snug sinecure ?

And might he not live , safe from writs ,
And with his creditors , cry quits ,
Having no more , from bums , to fear ,
In Canterbury town , than here ?
Or might he not , with better face ,
Ill treat the woman , in that case ,
O'er whom , he tyrannises now ?
I mean the mother of his *frow*. —
Poor fat old housekeeper ! I pity her ,
They say she's good. Tho' some are wittier ,
More civilised , and more polite ,
Is that a reason he should bite ,
And snarl , like an ungracious cur ,
At the kind , tho' fat hand of her ,
Whose goodness holds it out , to feed
Him , and his children , in their need ;
Tho' he may call that hand , a fist ,
Without it , he could not exist :
And what's the difference of their blood ?
Is not her puddle júst as good
As his ? for , fifty years ago ,
Who knew , if such folks lived , or no ?
Might not our hero , if elected ,
Most naturally have expected
To keep his coaches , horses , gigs ,
As members do , who are not whigs ,

Making the nation pay th'expence ,
T'uphold his pride and consequence ?
Instead of one poor wretched pony ,
Hired by the month , for little money ,
And kept , half starved , as I've heard tell , or
Ungroomed , unlittered , in a cellar ,
Condemned to carry on it's back ,
A wife , as heavy as a pack ,
And daughters , very near as stout ,
With sons , taking it turn about ,
For eight hours , every day , at least ,
To work , and weary , the poor beast ?
And this is what our hero 's come to ,
Altho' it was a pretty sum , too ,
That he , so infamously , fobbed ,
When the poor orphan child was robbed ,
But thus it every day arrives ^s ,
And wealth ill gotten , never thrives .
So , here we have him , pennyless ;
But with a comfortable mess ,
Good clothes , a good house , *extra muros* ,
Where Belgian laws from writs secure us ,
'Quite safe from Bum , or legal terrier ,
A little way beyond the barrier :
Yet , still in Kent some wags will reckon him .
For , they say , he lives now *by beckenham* :

But then , in such good stile , he lives ,
Such dinners , balls , and routs , he gives ,
Ready , at whist , to make a party ,
Or play , with sharpers , at écarter ,
Who blame him not , for being dull ,
Provided that his purse is full ;
Who , if the cash be his , don't care ,
Or is supplied by his *belle-mère* ;
While he's the first in a society
Where we're such sticklers for propriety ,
That we will cut , without compassion ,
And vote a poor man out fashion ,
Who sports no money but his own ,
If he , for two days , should postpone
The settling of some silly bet ,
Or payment of his gaming debt ,
Where many a reputation's lost ,
Through some ill wind that stops the post.

But why , you'll ask , is he so stupid
To let himself at cards be duped ?
If he had wit to rob the ward ,
Why not to play a winning card ?
Is't not a different thing , my cousin.
Children , and card players to cozen ?
You may do one , if you've th'intention ,
For t'other , you must have invention.

The man that trusts you with the care
Of what he loves, his wealth, his heir,
Must think you just, and so depend
Upon the honor of a friend;
But when you game, they strictly watch you.
And, if you cheat, they'll often catch you,
To rob a friend, one needs not wit,
At play, without it, you get bit.
The coward thief takes to his heels,
Who, from the unsuspecting, steals—
One snatches off a womans shawl
In some dark lane, by some dead wall,
Who has not the bold art to rob
The watch from the well guarded fob.
Thus thieves have different sorts of merit,
Some sneaking, others rogues of spirit,
But there are fifty stupid thieves,
For one who skilfully deceives,
Our great insolvent is so smooth,
So mild, and civil, that forsooth,
You'd never think he could do wrong,
Nor butter melt, upon his tongue;
And he has merit, to atone
For twice the wrong, that he has done;
For if his honor's problematical,
His relatives are diplomatical :

So he can always be of use ,
And favorably introduce
Your wife, or daughter, when you've finished ~~let~~,
To the proud lady of the minister ;
Or if your son wants a commission ,
And would , a royal duke petition ,
He'll send your letter , through his brother ,
So , 'twill be read—like any other ,
And , ten to one , the youth is noted
~~Five~~ hundred down , to be promoted.

Why not then , if the man's so civil ,
Light up a taper to the devil ?
Why mind a scandalous report ,
When one may have a friend at court ?

John Bull is no fastidious caviller ,
And never asks a fellow traveller ,
That's thrown into his way , by chance ,
In England , here , or yet in France ,
How he contrived his purse to fill ,
But , if 'tis full , takes nothing ill.
'Tis thus , a man , however dull ,
With money , plays upon John Bull.

But what an ally for the stupid ,
Is the sly little devil , Cupid ,
Assisted , by that cunning fox ,
A jackass may take in ~~an~~ ox.

• Here let me end (I'm in a hurry)
This pilgrimage to Canterbury.
I have a different sort of rogue
In view, that's just as much in vogue,
With whose description, I intend
To fill my next—farewell!

Your freind..

LETTER V.

THE NATURALISED ENGLISHMAN.

Reasons for mentioning him.—His character.—Why suffered in society.—His history, getting into the British service accounted for.—A word in justice to other German officers.—A humble tribute of respect and affection to a gallant Prince.—Courtship and Matrimony.—A mistress.—Foreign title and English citizenship.—Hospitality and its motives.—Cleverness at the gaming table.—Steward at balls.—Abused yet courted.—Received as a British officer.—Character not known to his M***y.

O! MAJOR tandem parcas insano MINORI.

HOR. sat.

The next, that I'm about to mention,
Is one that merits our attention,
Not for his qualities alone,
But because here he's so much known;
No stranger stops, even for a day,
In Brussels, that does not hear say
Something, of this most vile of sinners,
His wickedness, his wine, and dinners.
But infamy is nothing here,
The thing is, where to find good cheer:

The fellow, too, is such a shot,
Possessing, what some here do not,
Courage to bear the smell of powder;
That tho' the tongue of fame spoke louder
About his meanness, crimes, and vices,
And tho' the company so nice is
In Brussels, as to who are fit
For men of honor to admit
Into society, not one
Will tell this sharper to be gone,
Or thinks of kicking him down stairs,
Or, from the club room window, dares
To fling him, when detected cheating,
Lest he should offer them a meeting,
Where he might pay 'em back in lead,
And with a bullet in the head,
For all the gold, that he had won.
'Tis safer, tho' you know you're *done*,
To bear your loss, and to keep quiet,
Than with a bully have a riot.

But let us trace from his beginnings,
This man, so famous for his winnings,
His tricks, and shifts, and his *Sauterne*,
His calculations for the *terne*,
And knack of *palming*, « *voyez bien* »
His ordinaire for *Bordeaux vin*,

His seven , or eleven tongues ,
Enough to wear out stronger lungs ;
For this one man's eternal babble
Is worse than all the tongues of Babel.

About some thirty years ago ,
There was a sort of rage , you know ,
Among the british *gens de guerre* ,
For every thing that had the air
Of being German , — tactics , dress ,
Hussars from Hanover , and Hesse ,
Mustachios , whiskers , Prussian pipes ,
With lace , in many thick laid stripes ,
And long tailed mares , for our remounts ;
Then , self called Barons , hungry Counts ,
Whose baronies , and counties lie
No one knows where , — all in my eye !
Into our service got admission ,
Without much trouble , on petition ,
Swarming among us , just like hornets ,
Captains , field Officers , and Cornets :
'Twas then our hero got promotion ,
Who since has shown so much devotion
For all great wigs , and his superiors
Such taste for kissing their p—rs ,
That he has reached a rank , at last ,
He never thought of in times past ;

For having once got the first lift ,
He rose , by cunning , and by thrift ,
A sharper among flats and spoons ,
That pigeoned all the young dragoons.

But while I thus expose a *greek* ,
One word , I should in justice speak ,
And , with true satisfaction , own
How many Germans I have known ,
Of noble name , of *real* rank ,
Whom Britons must be proud to thank ,
As having , for old England's good ,
Shed , in the war field , their best blood.
Who , without praise , could speak of men
Like Kielmansegge , and Linsingen ,
Who helped us to defend our Island ,
With Bock , and Arentchild , and Byland ?
Can we recal , without a tear ,
The memory of one so dear
As princely Brunswick , to our hearts ,
Whose death , even now , a pang imparts ,
Spite of the glory of his end ?
Britons still weep for Britain's friend.

But there was one young gallant stranger
That fought with us , in times of danger ,
Whom I would speak of here with praise ,
Did I not know my humble lays

Unworthy of so great a name ;
For history alone may claim
To tell his glory , through all time ,
Yet let *me* tell , in this dull rhyme ,
(As one , that all his valor knew ,
Long ere he bled at Waterloo ,
Even when he made his first campaign ,
Fighting for freedom , and for Spain)
That he whose courage we admired
In earlier days , has since inspired
Our English hearts , with true affection ,
And gratitude , for the protection
The generous hospitality ,
The kindness , and the courtesy ,
As strangers we experience here .
In this , believe me , I'm sincere ,
And , but too feebly , have expressed
What , all who know him can attest .

Tho' Royal William's name shall be
Coupled , by Fame , with Victory ,
Through many ages yet to come ;
Still shall he , in the hearts of some ,
Remembered be , with fond delight ,
And with a glory , if less bright ,
Yet full as pure , for being kind ,
And good , and liberal , for a mind

With every manly virtue stored.

Such is the prince almost adored
Throughout this happy land ; where we
Live not less happy , nor less free
Than in old England. — But I'm wrong
To dwell upon such themes so long :
Some modern Virgil should rehearse
A theme too noble for my verse ,
Which jingles , not like gold , but copper.
My motley maskers are the proper
Subjects , for this my shrovetide letter ,
And suit my merry muse much better :
So let me back , and lead my hero
Through love's fond maze , oh dear ! oh dear , oh !
And tell how saxon charlatan ,
A smart , tho' not a handsome man ,
With one of many tongues , so glib ,
Attacked , and won his gentle rib ,
His hebrew wife , his barren Jewess ,
With her some thousand pounds , he too is
As much a Jew , and not less barren ;
For no young Baronness , or Baron
Has yet , to crown thier loves , appeared ,
Nor ever will , 'tis to be feared.
The Dandy who , at sixty two ,
With lawful wife , and mistress too ,

One at each side the Namur gate ,
Finds neither of them in the state
That women wish to be, they say,
Who love thier lords, despairing may
Lament his *barony* extinct,
And that he's, to no purpose, linked
Either with Jewess, or *jouffrow*,
Or any else, — it wont do now.
Some think a lady is ill used,
Who buys a man, to be amused,
If he, because she's not a tooth
To fence in her long tongue, forsooth.
Or yet, because she's growing old,
Should spend in reveling, her gold,
Or, when her heart's a little *bony*,
Should lay out all the purchase money
To keep, in stile, o young *saubrette*;
While she, a widowed wife, may fret,
And pine away, in tears, and sighs.
The long night, as, alone, she lies.
But tho' all this may shock another,
Tis all the same, to madam's brother,
Who laughs at all the rights of mariage
And, for his doxy, keeps a carriage;
While his good woman's pride is hurt
By trudging through the mud, and dirt.

'Tis thus our hero at his ease is,
Left to keep women, if he pleases,
Because his *beau-frère*, sunk in vice
Just like himself, must not be nice.

Excuse me, cousin, if I've missed all
His doings, when at Bath, and Bristol,
To set him gently down at Brussels,
Where he, so dear, his wine to us sells:
For, up to every dirty work,
He takes commission on a cork,
And lodgings lets; a speculation
Worthy his general reputation.

'Tis certain he was born somewhere;
But he seems backward to declare
What country owns him, and ashamed
When, as a foreigner, he's named,
Among the English, always telling
How long, among us, he's been dwelling,
And how he has been « Naturalised »;
At this, no doubt, you'll be surprised;
Since, at the same time, he's so proud
Of a vain title (disallowed
By those who knew him, as plain Mister,
When he espoused old — 's sister);
With which he's dubbed himself, of late,
Making a lady of his mate.

But I should half my object miss ,
Describing such a man as this ,
If I should fail to warn the stranger
Of all the risks , and all the danger
Attending his acquaintance , how
Unintroduced , with cringing bow ,
He can wind round you , till he gets
You once entangled in his nets ,
And how , with words , as sweet as honey ,
He borrows all your ready money ,
And gives you many an invite
To dine , and drink with him , all night ;
But tho' you should a hundred lend ,
His hospitality will end ,
And you will never pass his door ,
When you can give , or lend no more ;
This is his plan , for those who won't
In gambling lose to him their blunt ;
But for the gamester , and imprudent
Youth , in écarter rules a student ,
He has his tricks , to make things sure ;
His wine , and dinners are the lure
Held out to all that lose , or lend ,
Or have a little cash to spend ;
To all great men , or those whom he
May fancy great ; for he can't see

The difference, for want of tact,
Between the gentleman, in fact,
And the pretender to gentility.
But if, for this, he wants ability,
In *sum dings*, he is more than clever;
For he can win, at cards, for ever,
Can cut, and shuffle, like a juggler,
Knowing what time false ones to smuggle, or
Turn honors, by some slight of hand,
Which come, and go, at his command,
And, if you catch him at his tricks,
Instead of five cards, holding six 4,
Or scoring false, you can't accuse,
What his bad sight may well excuse:
He talks, to cover his intention,
Like jugglers, taking your attention
To what he says, from what he does,
With unintelligible buz.
A good confederate, or two
Oft aid in what he has to do.

Yet this man here the fashion leads,
And is much courted, for his seeds,
Or, if the English give a ball,
There is not one, among them all,
More buzzy as a *commissaire*;
Or one with more conceited air.

From this, it might well be supposed
The fellow never was exposed,
Nor of mal-practices suspected;
But lived in honor, and respected:
Yet, tis not so, you'd be amused
To hear, how much he is abused,
Behind his back, for, in this place,
None dare offend him, to his face,
He's hated, and despised; yet they
Who rail at him the most to day,
To morrow, at his house will dine.
Such is the force of play, and wine
On minds more base, and despicable
Than his, who bids them to his table.

The british coat, which he disgraces,
Procures him entrance to some places,
Where, but for that, he never could
With all his impudence, intrude:
But were his infamy once known
To the good prince, that fills the throne
Of Belgium, spite of all his kind
And liberal nature, I'm inclined
To think, our hero would receive
A gentle hint, a speedy leave
Of absence, from the Brussels court,
Or be commanded to export

His person, with his wife, and mistress,
For all his british rank and his dress.

Why should not princes cut a *knave*,
Whate'er the rank that he may have, ;
Who, when he likes to do the thing,
Turns up the Queen, or cuts the King?

LETTER VI.

THEIR CATHOLIC MAJESTIES.

Ferdinand and Isabella. — Pride and potatos. — The lady of the Lake. — A Milesian. — Ablution and absolution. — A man of odd habits. — Has an advantage in point of character over his brother. — Sister and nieces, how living. — Balls and feeds given at a distance from hungry creditors and starving relatives. — Notoriety chiefly owing to his brother. — Jack and Tom Thurtell. — The Colonel and the Knight. — All's not gold that glitters.

Χρυσὸς ἀνολγει πάντα καὶ αἶδου πόδας.

ÆTOL : lib. IX

The wags call these, their CATH'LIC MAJESTIES;
And, as I live, the thing no bad jest is;
For who e'er saw his, or her fellow,
Since Ferdinand, and Isabella's
Castile, and Arragon, or rather
Cast steel, and *arrogance* together:
For where can arrogance be found,
In female bosom, to abound

More than in hers , whose graceful make
Proclaims *the Lady of the lake* ,
Whose tongue's as full of brogue , and blarney ,
As any tongue about *Killarney* ,
And sure no steel Toledan blade ,
So long , and stiff , was ever made ,
As this great grandson of Miletus ³ ,
So full of pride , and of potatos ⁴ :
Yet , notwithstanding his rich blood ,
Pride , and potatos , are not food
To fatten on , for he's as lean
A personage , as e'er was seen .

But whence is all this pride , you'll say ,
Are not some here , as great , as they ,
By birth as noble , and as high
As they , in rank , and dignity ?
There are , my cousin , you are right ,
But these love to keep out of sight ,
And are not often to be met
Frequenting any of the set
That I'm describing—but retired
They live , unnoticed , yet admired ;
Men of unblemished reputation ,
In Brussels , court a private station ,
And ladies too—but they're less common ,
Who think 'tis the best praise of woman ,

Not to be spoken of at all,
 Either with honey, or with gall.
 But, when the others we review,
 The Papist, Protestant, or Jew,
 We shall find none, that may compare
 In grandeur, with this royal pair;
 For he's as much of a patrician
 As Saint Patricius was, whose mission
 To Erin, 's not of older date,
 Than this king's title, and estate,
 And, 'tis averred, that one may trace
 Something of his great name, and race,
 In history, or fable's page,
 As far back as the golden age.

But then *nobility's* the *unica*⁶
Virtus of one, whose *fides punica*⁷
 Would make us doubt of what he saith,
 And think him not of *Roman faith*,
 Nay, truly, 'tis my own opinion
 That he's a real Carthaginian;
 Tho' ancient Carthage, had no foeman
 So bitter, as your ancient Roman.

But, be that as it may, ablution,
 Or *whitewashing*, and absolution
 From all one's debts, or one's crimes,
 Are not thought quite the thing, sometimes;

By grumbling creditors, repenting
 Thier easy *faith*, or by dissenting,
 And rigid protestants, agreed
 With them, in some points of thier creed;
 For both maintain this one, at least,
 *That, tho' commissioner, or priest,
 To sinner, or to debtor, say,
 Depart thee hence, and go thy way,
 And sin, or go in debt, no more;
 They are but opening a door,
 For those that like it, to begin
 Once more, to go in debt, or sin.

But, far be it from me, to write,
 That one so newly washed, and white,
 Absolved so lately, and gazetted,
 Should sin again, or get indebted:
 Nay, I imagine, *au contraire*
 He now contrives, with prudent care,
 To cut his coat, and breeches, both
After the measure of his cloth.

I can not swear it is so, but
 I never saw so queer a cut
 For inexpressibles, or coat,
 Or castor either, 'tis the boat,
 Or something stranger still, betwixt
 The boat, and Jolliffe, or both mixed.

This is the man of *habits odd*,
Just come among us, *out of Quod*
Who's thought of consequence sufficient,
To be a leading, and efficient
Committee man, or a ball steward;
As if, his having been immured
So long, and in stone jug confined,
Had only made him more refined,
As if a prison were a crucible,
In which the rude ore is reducible,
And whence the *pure Gold* is poured forth,
Increased in weight, as well as worth.

That he should think himself so high,
Because, in swindlers hue and cry,
He's not been spoken of, as yet,
And only named in the gazette,
Is no way strange, for as his brother
Has figured in both one, and t'other,
It is a source of *honest* pride,
For one, to such a knave allied,
That he himself, should simply pass
For an insolvent, when, alas!
His brother's swindling reputation
Is trumpeted throughout the nation,
And through some neighbouring nations, too,
Where folks have learned what he could do,

And where his daughters , and his wife ,
Have led a sort of begging life.
Half starving , and half clad , they hear ,
Not without many a bitter tear ,
What balls , in Brussels , we are giving ,
And in what stile their brother's living ,
How much their uncle is in fashion ,
Like many , in whose breasts compassion
For other's woes , can find no place.

Theirs is a pitiable case ;
Yet will the creditors , and others
Who've suffered by these noble brothers ,
Think their own case is more unjust ;
While , haply , supping on a crust ,
To which by bad debts they're reduced ,
The Brussels news is introduced ,
In which , they sorrowfully read
Of some gay ball , or costly feed
Given with their money , by their debtor ,
Who , spite of every dunning letter ,
Figures , secure from all attacks ,
The *Wellington of our Almanack's*.

I can pretend to direct no man's
Choice , and that he should head the Romans
Does not surprise me , but I wonder
At others to him knocking under ,

That protestants should be such gulls,
As to be ruled by *Golden bulls* ¹⁰,
Tho' *Gold* may break through prison walls ¹¹,
And, without *Gold*, one can't give balls,
Yet some, who are, with *Gold mécontents*:
Tho' fond enough, of *argent comptant*,
Declare, it is a crying sin,
That dancing folks should not get in
To balls, select, as is pretended,
Unless, by *Gold*, they're recommended.

This *Catholic's emensipation*
Should give example to the nation,
And show how, when they find occasion,
The gentlemen of his persuasion
Can use thier freedom, and thier power;
Tho' they enjoy it, but an hour ¹².

Now, you will ask, how it can be,
That what regards such men as he,
Should ever, as example serve,
Or, by what means, he can deserve
To be dragged out of his obscurity,
And made known, to us, and futurity;
Since he's not handsome, rich, or witty,
And, tho' of the select committee,
No great distinction can he boast,
From having, once, filled that high post?

Cousin , 'tis true , he might have been
Unnoticed , in this moving scene ,
And lived , and died , unknown , unsung ,
If evil fame , with her foul tongue ,
Had not proclaimed his brouther's shame ,
And joined his , with a swindler's name ,
Who , haply , may die in his shoes ;
Then , all the world will ask for news
Of his relations , what their station ,
Their character , and education ?
And what the state of their finances ?
For these , and other circumstances
Relating to a swindler's story ,
Like his whose brother's now before'ye ,
Create an interest as great ,
And give the world as rich a treat ,
And just as good a moral teach ,
As a confession , or last speech .

As , when Jack Thurtell's life was taken ,
His lucky brother saved his bacon ,
And came out , *whitewashed* , and scot free ,
Tho' guilty , in a less degree ,
How crammed the papers were with tales
About his familly , details
Concerning him , and his , for weeks ,
How *Jack* , and *Tom* , *both* bacame *greeks* .

So when the Colonel's story's told,
The public will seek to get hold
Of the' *ana* of a certain knight,
Who turns out, so clean washed, and *white*,
And men will doubt whom they should most
Admire, the poor *Knight of the post*,
Or the now rich, proud, knight his brother:
So little one differs from t'other
In disposition, tho' in face
He that is most of a 'scape-grace
Is handsomest—nor does he dress
To such a quizzical excess,
Looking so queer, from heel to cape,
With castor of such monstrous shape,
To make one ask, — who's he that passes?
And dandies cock their quizzing glasses.

But, cousin, can we think him wise,
Who to make people curious, tries,
And ask, — who's that odd looking man, sir?
When one can give no other answer
Than this, “ he's brother to a knave,
Tho' he's so long, stiff, proud, and grave,
And he is just come out of gaol,
Tho' heir to an estate in tail,
And lives in stile here, and forgets
That those who owe, should pay their debts.”

Won't men think , when the facts they're told ,
That *all that glitters , is not Gold ?*
Adieu , my cousin , for today :
I'm tired , and have no more to say.

LETTER VII.

•••••

THE GRETNA MARRIAGE AND THE BRIDE'S MOTHER.

A daughter driven from home by her mother's ill temper.— Follows an example twice given.— False judgment frequently passed by the world.— Why the daughter is more to blame than the mother.— Family manœuvring frustrated.— A frail fair one's feelings hurt by the neglect of others, equally frail, but more cautious. *Crim con*, a skaiter, a player, a guardsman, dies in prison for my lady.— Who is visited by a beautiful woman, of irreproachable character.— One word of Jerry.— His meanness in going to the houses of men whose wives wont visit his.— Vainly hopes to be respected in Brussels.— Why talked of so little, and his wife so much.

Occasio, locus, ætas, mater, cujus sub imperio est, mala.

TERENCE.

Cousin, you've heard, how gardener's son
To Gretna, with fair lady, run ;
But you've not heard, from what a home
Was one so young compelled to roam,
Nor, how the business was contrived,
Or, why such hurry to be wived.

You shall know all ; but first we'll trace
A little back , the skittish race.
Observe yon proud , and painted dame ,
Whom forty winters could not tame ;
A daughter *natural* was she ,
Yet , strange to say , she's said to be
A mother most unnatural ,
And to have caused *her* daughter's fall
By the mad fury of her temper.
Poor thing ! a line of twisted hemp , or
A husband was her sole resource ,
And she preferred the last , of course ,
Why should the daughter be too nice ,
Whose mother gave th'example twice ?
And gratified , with equal haste ,
A girlish whim , and woman's taste.
Her Cupid was a *garden* god ;
Is it not therefore rather odd ,
Somewhat severe , and even hard , in her ,
To blame her daughter's choice. — A *gardener* ?
Did not the mother take a brace
Of husbands to her soft embrace ?
And if from looks , we thoughts divine ,
Or know a pot house , by the sign ,
Or , by the plumage , tell the bird ,
She's ready , now , to take a third ;

If her good man should chance to die,
And give the opportunity.
Her mother's memory is branded,
Because her marriage was left handed,
Because she the same favors sold,
That her proud daughter bought, for gold.

How often, in this world of error,
Is honor viewed through falsehood's mirror?
How often does the wealthy knave,
In heart a coward, and a slave,
Pass for a man of honor nice,
Of morals tainted by no vice;
Because no hazard can disclose,
And he's not tempted to expose
The inward meanness of his soul;
While all the world can pick a hole
In many an honest fellow's coat,
Who, sailing in an ill found boat,
Has met with storms upon his way;
Yet, boldly, midst the dashing spray,
With honor's compass for his guide,
Steers safely, through misfortune's tide?
How oft some hapless orphan maid,
Who has erred once, or but once strayed,
From virtue's path, from honor's laws,
To nature yielding, or because

Sharp want oppressed, or man deceived;
Because she loved, and so believed,
Is by that world despised, and scorned,
Which one less fair would have adorned;
While she, who can afford to buy
Men wholesale, and to gratify,
With legal forms, a baser passion,
Is courted flattered and in fashion?
Our haughty fair one blames her daughter;
Tho' she has, by example, taught her
How girls, that have estates, and money,
May please themselves in matrimony:
"Tis true *her husbands were patrician,*
And *gentlemen* of good condition.
The first was handsome, of strong make,
And, what the women call, a *rake*:
The second, much more mild, and meek,
And somewhat of a Jerry Sneak;
Yet he is not ill looking neither,
A girl might be content with either:
But what a difference, between
A gay red coat, and *apron green*!
Had her *beau-père* ne'er *tilled a garden*,
Or been a *runaway Church warden*,
The damsel might expect a pardon,

For going off with her adorer ,
As her good mother did before her ,
For having fled , without her clothes ,
And creeping , as the story goes ,
In smock , and petticoat of flannel ,
Through chamber door , by broken pannel ,
Obliged to put a coat of his on ,
When , at midnigt , she broke her prison ,
Flying , ere one had time to say
Jack Robinson , and got away .

How often is mistaken man
Deceived , in his most deep laid plan ?
The conqueror , th'ambitious great ,
Have , each known fortune for a cheat ;
The statesman , and the lord's anointed ,
Have , each in turn , been disapointed ,
Alike the plotters , and sage movers
In little family manœuvres ,
Are doomed to see their projects crossed ,
And years of hope for ever lost .

Where there is honorable dealing ,
The kind of heart can not help feeling
Some touch of pity , for a mother ,
Whose child , by some ill chance , or other ,
Turns a deaf ear to duty's voice ,
And by a silly , wanton choice ,

A thoughtless act, to be lamented
The more, because 'tis oft repented,
Not only hurts her own good name,
But covers a whole house with shame;
But when the man, who sold himself
From base, and sordid love of pelf,
Who, for her gold, wed a virago,
(Such lengths don't meanness every day go)
Would force a girl to give her hand
To one, that loved her, for her land,
As he her mother, and abuse
A parent's power, to make her chuse
A husband, who was his relation,
For whom, she felt no inclination,
And when a mother could consent
To be an aiding instrument,
In such a sordid, shabby plot.
Pity who may! for I cannot;
For such as these I've no compassion.

But I have talked of madam's fashion,
And said, that one, so ill reported,
Was flattered here, and even courted.
It was too much, her haughty pride,
Even here, is sadly mortified.

- As through the scale of life, we see
From highest, to the last degree,

How the strong trample on the weak ,
How the proud lord it , o'er the meek ,
And , as the despot of a nation
Looks down upon the next in station ,
And he upon the lowly born ,
With not more pride of heart , and scorn ,
Than does the servant of a slave
On him , whose fate it is to have
The lowest place in life of all ,
Who to no greater depth can fall.

So , in the scale of female honor ,
One falls , another falls upon her ,
From the frail beauty , in the streets ,
That sells her charms , to all she meets ,
Who's viewed with scorn , by the kept *madam* ,
To the wife , who can't tell , from Adam ,
By whom her young ones are begotten ,
Whose guilt , tho' known , is oft forgotten ;
At least , when the good man allows
Himself to be duped , by his spouse ,
Who , in her turn , is not afraid ,
Unless of some severe old maid :
For these are , among womankind ,
The greatest tyrants , that we find .
Like kings , they are alone supreme ,
Inspiring fear , if not esteem ,

They can be spiteful, with impunity
 And seldom miss the opportunity
 But, happily, nor gems, nor gold,
 Are half so rare, as maid that's old.
 'Tis they, who whisper, while at tea
 How, in their walks, they chanced to see
 A soldier take a lady's muff.
 And billet doux, within 'it, stuff,
 As if it were, a postmans's sack;
 Then grinning, bow, and give it back,
 Thinking too much of number one,
 To mind the host of lookers on,
 Who, on the public boulevards,
 Saw, how the lovers played their cards.

Now tho' all this is told of Polly,
 Tho' every body knows her folly,
 Tho' all the town says she is frail,
 And holds no high place, in the scale
 Of virtue, yet as her *faux pas*
 Were without scandal, or *éclat* :
 She, to see madam, never goes
 But, with a sneer, turns up her nose
 Because my lady had a bastard,
 That could not, on her spouse be plastered,
 For why? because he was away;
 While Polly got'em, every day.

But thought no body was the wiser,
That none might venture to surmise: or
Guess, what she did, while she was living
With her good man, who'd no misgiving:
And, truly, Polly has some reason
For mounting the high, horse, that she's on,
For, tho' Siphthorp's a cuckold, ass, she
May be excused her *péchés cachés*:
No jury, for her virtue lost,
E'er gave *five thousand pounds, with cost,*
No poor *crim con. defendant died*
For her, a prison wall inside;
No stage player, no famous skailer,
Was sacrificed to celebrate her:
She, too discreetly played her cards,
To run the gauntlet with the guards.
A husband to a gown tail pinned, is
Not like a husband in the Indies,
And wives so circumstanced, give handle,
If they lie in, for talk and scandal;
We must believe in Hohenlohe,
Joanna Southcot, and Shiloh,
In miracles performed by letter,
And many other wonders yet, or
We can't uphold my lady's fame,
Or Polly think so much to blame.

She copies the fat wife of Kent,
And fatter mother, who ne'er lent
The sanction of their countenances,
To dinner parties, routs; or dances
By Madam given, nor ever graced
Her porter's list, with names so chaste,
As men, who are most free from guile,
Are readiest on rogues to smile,
And those, who're not depraved, or vicious,
Are, oftentimes, the least suspicious,
So are those women most indulgent,
Whose virtues are the most refulgent.

See yonder wife, so young and fair,
Whose noble, and yet modest air,
Bespeak her virtues, end her race;
Beauty holds but a second place
In her perfections, for her mind
Is goodness, with good sense combined.
Mark you not her fine eye's expression,
Not such as seems to make confession
Of wanton thought, for conquest seeking;
But such as, a pure heart bespeaking,
With kindness beams, yet can repress
With dignitz; and consciousness
Of innocence, man's too free glance,
And all impertinent advance?

She's rich in each accomplishment
That can give woman ornament ,
And what's worth all her birth , and blood ,
Her mother taught her to be *good* :
Yet *she* don't seek to be severe ,
But sees my lady , without fear ,
Conscious of her own worth , she deems ;
Each female here , is what she seems ;
Knowing , whate'er their character ,
No censure can attach to her.

I love the heart that reasons so ,
Whether it reason right , or no ,
And yet , methinks , I'd rather she
Should not frequent such company ;
Not that , for her , there's any danger
From bad example , but a stranger
That knew her not , might apprehend ,
Perhaps , she was my lady's friend.

But now one word , and only one ,
Of Jerry's meanness , and I've done ,
Tho' Sipthorp's wife won't come near his , it.
Is known , that he , and Sipthorp , visit ,
And Jerry never leaves him out
At dinner , supper , ball , or rout.
But 'tis in vain , by every art , he
Tries to have Polly of the party .

The Kentish exile too's invited
 Tho' Madam, by his spouse, is slighted;
 Such is the dearth of respectable,
 And well dressed men, to fill one's table—
 But Jerry sees not how he's lowered,
 By cringing to a rogue, and coward,
 Who treat his house like some low hell,
Estaminet, or some *bordel*;
 Where men may go, to drink, and revel,
 To gamble, or to play the devil;
 But where they would not, for their lives,
 Present their daughters, or their wives.

Such is the man, who dares expect,
Even in this sink, to meet respect;
 Tho' of the readiest to judge
 Uncharitably, and to grudge
 His neighbors their good name, because
 Such scandal on himself he draws.

You'll think it strange I've said so little
 Of this poor, easy, hen-pecked Wittol,
 And yet so much about his wife.
 The fact is this, upon my life!
 Some husbands are as little thought on,
 As if some women were without one,
 They *lady that*, and *lady this'd* are,
 While no one thinks of simple *mister*.

Especially, if he's a spoon,
And Madam wears—the *pantaloons*.
This is a fact, there hangs no doubt on;
If we our neighbours look about on.

LETTER VIII.

THE TRIPLE X.

A Jack in office, now an *Ex commis*. — His shape and air. — Stiff neck, and foul breath. — A great man's present. — A monstrous puppy. — A clerk's progress. — Gets into an office as an underling. — Gets acquainted with the faces of great men who come to the office on business. — Salary increased. — Marries a wife with good expectations. — A man of this description a great wig in Brussels. — Where there are not many connoisseurs in good breeding among the English. — An *ex-mari expatriated*. — Pensioned by his wife. — Her picture. — A Ranger. — His first appearance in Brussels, and introduction to society by the *Small beer man*. — Dislike and subsequent admiration of Polly. — A little puppy. — Subject of the next letter announced.

Quid DOMINI faciant, audent quum talia FURES !.

VIRGIL.

*If ROGUES, and LOW CLERKS, can show so much conceit,
What may we expect from the LORDS ? and the great ?*

TRANSLATION.

The next whose trappings we'll strip off, is
One that was once, a Jack in office ;

A consequential underling,
 A petty clerk, or some such thing,
 Dismissed, and now, no more regarded,
 Than sevens, and eights³, that you've discarded
 When you have wished to win your party,
 With trumps, and honors, at écarter;
 But sevens, and eights, as you shall hear,
 Are our best trumps, and honors, here.

Have you not seen an ill paced hack,
 With poking head, and high pig back?
 Such are his shapes, and such his paces,
 But how could he pick up the graces,
 Whose time, from morn to night, was spent
 With pen in hand, at bureau bent—
 A sort of *copying machine*?

Such are, on every counter, seen.

I do not blame his stiffened neck,
Great evils should be kept in *check*.
 Perhaps a touch of royal blood⁴
 Might, for our stiffnecked scribe, be good:
 If so, I'm sure, I very much
 Wish, he'd a drop, that he might touch;
 For 'twere a blessing, could it cure,
 At the same time, his breath impure.

Have you e'er smelled a rotten cheese?
 Or met with foul winds, on the seas?

They're both perfumed, and spicy gales,
That gently fan your swelling sails,
Compared with his offensive blasting,
When full of wine, or fresh, and fasting,
I'd rather ride hence to La Haye,
Meeting Boreas, all the way,
Than come too close, in street, or park, or
Face, when at mess, this foul mouthed *barker*.

Talking of barking, *à propos*,
Let's say a word of the *cadeau*
Presented by one high in place,
With much magnificence, and grace;
On which occasion, hands were kissed,
Or something else, by the dismissed
Ex-clerk, on taking his *congé*,
When, first, from home, he bent his way:
And, on my life! there's something pleasant
In so appropriate a present—
An animal from Newfoundland,
Who'll *fetch and carry by command*,
Of real blood, without one drop, he
Is, certainly, a *monstrous puppy*,
Yet, look at him, from tail to head.
A judge will say, he's d—d *ill bred*.

But, after all, what is good breeding?
I say there's nothing like good feeding.

'Tis that makes puppies sleek, and fat,
And I've known many a mongrel brat,
From kitchen to bureau transferred,
As doubtless, you have often heard,
Where, without any other merit, he
Has mounted up, by mere dexterity
Of penmanship, and suppleness,
And absence of all squeamishness,
From three legged stool, to upper forms,
Where, for the duty he performs,
He touches very handsome wages,
And then, in wedlock he engages,
With some soft fair one, sweet as honey,
Who has, or hopes to have, some money:
Then what's more quick, or what more nimbly done,
Than taking a snug box at Wimbledon:
Acquainted now, with names, and faces,
Of noblemen, and men who've places,
That he had seen frequent the office,
To whom he, humbly, now pulls off his
Old castor, with a clerkish air,
He's sure to make the natives stare
At his acquaintance with the great,
A man of fashion's such a treat
To those, at least, who cannot know
What is, or is not, *comme il faut*,

Who can't discern the kitchen rust ,
Tho' hidden by so thin a crust
Of office manners , and civility ,
Half impudence , and half servility.

'Tis sad to be obliged to wander
About , so far from home , *en Flandres* ,
To live upon a modest pension
Furnished by conjugal attention ,
And then to be at such a distance
From the fond fair , whose kind assistance
Enables him to revel here ,
And treat his friends with such good cheer ;
To pay the favors , with Champagne ,
Of those , that used to entertain
Him , with such kind , and hospitable
Attention , at their *dinner table* ,
Ere his remittances grew slack ,
And when he could afford to back
The players , or himself to play ,
And what he lost genteelly pay ,
At whist , or at *écarter* , betting
Without much fidgetting , or fretting ,
But who invite him , now , to *tea* ;
Since his cash seems to flow less free.

'Tis hard , to be thus sent away ,
And , far from home , compelled to stray ,

Not with his wife , but with her shadow ,
Her tender gift , her parting *cadeau* ,
Her picture , in a snuffbox lid—
Such pictures tho' were better hid.

Who knows what some bold Gyges might
Attempt , when fired with such a sight ?
Of this there is the greater danger ,
While , here he plays the part of Ranger ,
While every one , that walks the park ,
May meet the gay , seducing clerk ,
Courting some sweet , romantic beauty ,
Like him forgetful of her duty ;
Or if , by accident , you pop
Into a haberdasher's shop ,
'Tis ten to one , you find him there ,
Selecting ribbons for his fair ,
Such as will suit her pretty face ,
Or giving garters , with a grace ;
And then , to make the evenings short , he
Attends at her piano forte ,
Chusing the airs , and turning over
The leaves , like an attentive lover .
What pretty pastime for a father !
Whose son should play such gay part , rather .
I well remember , when , last summer ,
Some diligence brought the new comer ,

For months he lounged his time away
Unnoticed, at the *cabaret*;
For nothing in his air, or mien,
Declared how great a man he'd been,
Till, by some lucky chance, he met
His brewing freind, old **HEAVY WET**,
Who, straitway, took him home, to dine,
And, o'er a jovial glass of wine,
To gallant **SIPTHORP** introduced him,
Who, next day, at a rout, *produced* him,
Where **POLLY** treated him so badly,
Long time he railed against her, sadly;
Till she found out, he knew some **Dukes**,
Which placed him high, on her good books.

Since then, he's one of those who dash on,
In the first stile of Brussels fashion,
But there is something lower still,
Than this ex-clerk, that helps to fill
A fashionable English party,
That plays to him an under part; he
Is a small man, with no small voice.
That sings with taste, and skill, a choice
Collection of good songs, when bidden
By the great man, or else is chidden;
That his snuff boxes, for him, carries,
With english snuff, or snuff from Paris,


And frisks about, after his patron,
As little puppies, after great run.

Now, ere we part, I will say this,
The clerk is not so much amiss;
But there are folks, who don't want sense,
Yet love to seem of consequence,
And none more than that class of men
Who in an office, wield a pen,
For they're in contact, every day,
With big wigs, and oft think, they may,
Themselves, enact the great man's part,
And some folks play it, with much art,
While others, only play the fool,
And clothe themselves with ridicule;
The latter very much resemble
The man, that played the cock, with Kemble.

Here will I leave this clerk coxcomical,
Or, what the french would an *ex-commis* call:
First giving him one parting word,
'Tis all I can, just now, afford,
To say he must contrive to do
More, than cry cock-a-doodle-do,
Before he undertakes to play
A first rate part, in any way.

Cousin, adieu, my next *Epistle*,
Like stinging nettle, or scotch thistle,

Applied to school boy's rump , or birch ,
Shall lash a member of the church .
Come to the chapel then , with me ,
And what you hear , I vow shall be
All *gospel* , to a preacher preached ,
Who , by my sermon may be reached ,
Tho' more learned , and more grave discourses
Can't turn him , from his thoughtless courses .
Good bye ! till church time , then , adieu !
Well meet in rue Musée at two⁵ .—



LETTER IX.

A SERMON TO A DANDY PARSON.

A verse from Gay. Impudence *parsonified*.—The DANDY PRIEST.—Why so conceited.—The text.—Sermon divided into six heads.—A churchmen's learning.—Lord's ground and the Lord's vineyard.—Courts.—A man of fashion's wit.—Gaming at the cercle while Madame plays her own game.—Dress.—A *buck's head*.—Title to be called a man of wealth, inquired into.—A handsome wife.—White headed children.—Dogs and ponies thrive better.—Amusements not to be interrupted by a child's death.—Pedigree of a conceited man, and a fine lady's descent.—*It a tort*, or a word in defence of a lady's virtue.—Respect due to a clergyman, how forfeited.—A priest's general mode of passing his time.—Conduct at church.—An odious comparison with another minister of the gospel.—The blessing.—Amen.

El sermon, y el salmon, en la quaresma, tienen sazón

Old spanish proverb.

Et sermone opus est, modo tristi sæpe jocoso.

Hoa.

How many saucy airs we meet
From Saint Gudule, to Ducal street?

But there is no more upstart pride ,
More impudence *parsonified* ,
Than in the subject now before us .
I never saw more indecorous
Conduct , and air , to say the least ,
Than I've marked in this DANDY PRIEST .

Why so concieted , M^r Parson ?
You carry , here , a pretty farce on ,
Is it your learning , wit , or money ,
Or your good luck in matrimony ;
Your blood , and birth , your rank in life ;
Or is't the beauty of your wife ,
Or yet , your sacred ministry ,
That gives you claim to be so high ?
But , whatsoe'er it be , I'll trace it ,
Till « the proud men shall be abased » ;
So keep your temper , don't be vexed ,
But hear my sermon , on that text .
Each claim of yours shall form , of course ,
A separate head of my discourse ;
You have your choice , to laugh , or weep ;
But , I'll take care , you shall not sleep ;
And if my arguments are strong ,
I care not if you think me long .
Now , first as to your learning , brother ,
You've been to school , like many a nother

Like many another, been to college;
But added little to your knowledge,
Unless, as to some rural sport,
Or connoisseurship in old port.—
I'll swear you'r unskilled in divinity,
Tho' I can't judge of your latinity;
But without much more deeply seeking,
I vow, *comparatively* speaking,
I *positively* never knew
More vulgar, prating priest, than you.
I've heard you, more than once, at cricket,
Call to the youth, who stood at wicket,
« *More forwarder*, if you please, sir,
» *A little, now, more backwarder.* »
Sure never school boy, nor school miss,
Made half such a mistake, as this.
I could, some more examples, give,
But this I think *superlative*.
I fear your parts of speech were spoiled
In *Lord's ground*, where so much you've *toiled*,
Better have *toiled in the Lord's vineyard*,
Than enter such a wicked sin-yard.
I know you cultivate the *vine*,
The *grape* at least, when pressed to *wine*,
And people say, perhaps in sport,
That you intend to go to court;

But sure those , who ne'er , in their lives ,
At any *court* were , but the *fives* ,
Can't have the assurance , to intrude
Upon a prince , too kind , and good ,
'Towards Englishmen so well disposed ,
Tho' they've so much , and oft , imposed.

Now for my second head , your wit—
I own , I never heard of it :
Had I , of gold rupees ³ , the sum
That you've of wit—'twere well for some
That are my creditors , a lack !
A lack a day ! to fill my sack.

But if you want wit , you have cunning ,
You know how to escape , from dunning ;
Then you can play *écarter* , well ,
And , at the year's end , make it tell ⁴ :
As for your wife , you oft let her kill
The time , that you kill at the cercle ,
At home , at some amusing game ,
All fours , or — I forget the name ;
But ere I take leave of your head ,
Compound of mercury , and lead ,
I must confess , that , like the rest
Of your smart person , 'tis well dressed.
The man is only half a *back* ,
That has at home , no loving duck ,

To deck his front, if not as fine as
Brutus 5, at least like *Collatinus*,

Let's now another head review,
Which is the strongest point for you,
'Tis that which dresses you so well,
And makes your wife a first rate belle;
'Tis that which feeds you, and your pony,
I need not say, I mean your money;
But is it true? or is it scandal,
That you sold off, by inch of candle,
And came, in such great haste, away;
That you forgot your debts to pay;
That you, in Yorkshire, rode so fast,
No wonder, you broke down at last;
That some folks might let clubs alone,
If every body had their own?

The fourth, the fairest head of all,
Shall next, for our attention, call:
You have, in sooth, a lovely wife,
Sure she's the comfort of your life,
And brings a young one, every year,
Your fond parental heart to cheer:
A girl—a boy—with a white head:
Should the next haby's hair be red,
'Twill make a pretty sort of change:
None, but old maids, will think it strange.

Some dusky babes get black, as they grow ;
Because their mother *saw* a Negro 6.
A fruitful breeder may well spare
A child, or two, from want of care ;
One can't keep every thing alive ,
At least the dogs , and ponies thrive ;
And , who would leave a shooting party ,
Or one at coursing , or écarter ,
Tho' twenty messengers came , flying ,
To tell one , *that a child was dying ?*

Good shooting parson , you may rather
Be called a sportsman , than a father ;
But won't they wonder , who are told
That , ere the little one was cold ,
Or scarcely in its cold grave laid ,
The mother her fine shape displayed
In mourning habit , at a ball ,
The gayest , in the merry hall ?
'Tis not her pride to be a nurse ,
And yet , a mother might do worse .
Perhaps , she thinks it more polite
To seem unfeeling , heartless quite .

Strange ! when the little ape the great ,
They , usually , but imitate
Some vice , or folly , and neglect
The virtues , which they should respect .

Your rank, and birth, form my next head,
Your friends shall know, how you are bred,
And there's no such authority
For many a *Yorkshire pedigree* 1,
You're of the true *barbarian race* 2,
Your *Spanish name* denotes the place,
From whence your grandsire ran away,
Scared by the *auto* called *da fê* 3.
From such a fête, a Jew might fly,
And not be reckoned much too shy;
New, as he was a bolting horse,
Why should not you bolt off the course?
And if your grand sire shied at fire,
They say, you *broke down at Knaves mire* 10,
Your wife has more of English blood,
Right cockney, as I've understood.
Ship-chandling is a thriving trade,
And many an honest penny's made
By drudging, as a washer woman,
And what is there in life, more common,
Than to see one in silk, and spangles,
Whose grandam got her bread by *mangles*,
By smoothing irons, washing tubs,
Midst suds, that froth like syllabubs?
Your lady's beauty's of that cast 11,
That's coarse, but sound; and made to last;

But, for her virtue, I'll maintain,
That she is free from spot, or stain;
And should some *gascon* call her w—,
I'll stoutly swear, that *il a tort*.

To my last head, I've come, at length,
Therein, I know, lies all your strength,—
The sacred ministry, at least,
Should be respected, in the Priest;
But, tell me, how you can expect
That others will your cloth respect;
When you, yourself, so lightly take it?
When so contemptible you make it;
Don't you spend day, and night, in gambling,
When not on shooting pony ambling?
And if, to church you sometimes go,
What do you there? don't we all know?
You laugh at parson, clerk, and choir,
And grin, 'till all the girls admire
The merry Priest, the hardy wag,
Whose fun, even when at church, don't flag;
You think for wit, such fun to pass,
But only seem the greater ass.
And, tho' you laugh at good old M—,
'Twere well we had some more such pastors.
He is a man of education,
With manners, that become his station.

Modest, yet grave, and dignified,
Alike removed from silly pride,
And pert familiarity,
No dandy dressing coxcomb he.
But, tho' in plain, and simple garb, he
Can't always tell, *who'll win the Derby*,
Nor yet if *Langan*, or *Tom Spring*,
Be victor, in the fighting ring,
Tho' he can't ride in, to a fox —
Nor bet, upon a main of cocks —
Nor, at a trap, bring down a pigeon;
Yet he knows something, of religion
He does the duties of his calling;
But, into extremes never falling,
Tho' he has not your *slang*, 'tis true,
He's just as free from *cant*, as you.

Now these are things, that should protect him
And make a brother priest respect him.
For me, while I despise the scoffer,
My meed of praise I can't but offer
To merit, which I've ever found
Most with the modest to abound,
To virtue, which I've seen, full oft,
Not in the scoffer, but the scoffed.

I now have nothing more to do,
Since I have, all my heads, gone through,

Than wish, you may "*mark*," and "*digest*,"
The truths in this discourse expressed,
And if I've given you, a good dressing,
I give you, now my parting "*blessing*."
And, having made you kiss the rod,
I leave you, in *the "peace of God."*
Be satisfied, and do not grumble,
But, henceforth, try to seem more humble,
Or else, I vow I'll keep my hand in,
Till I've "*past all your understanding.*"
Now other subjects claim my pen
So, priest, adieu! let's say — "*Amen.*"

LETTER X.

THE SMALL-BEER BREWER.

His appearance, manner, and character.—Obliged to quit Boulogne in disgrace.—Received in Brussels.—His white feather different from that of Henri IV.—Attack upon a lady at Boulogne.—Amusements in Brussels, and fondness for hops.—History of a brewer's boy.—Marries a fidler's daughter.—Her large fortune not sufficient for his expences.—Obliged to leave England.—Treatment of his wife.—Visited and invited out.—Écarter.—Wife not visited.—Goes to court.—Behaviour there.—Appears at Saint-James's—The only place in England where he could conceal himself from his creditors.

*Qæ sunt dicta in stultum, caudex, stipes, asinus, plumbeus
In illum nil potest : exuperat ejus stultitia amnia hæc.*

TER : Var.

Cousin , observe yon brawling bragger ,
Yon cockney , with such clownish swagger ;
He must be a confounded ass , or he
Should know , how strong one smells a *brasserie* .
Mark his affected consequence ,
His pert , and vulgar impudence ,

And mark his self approving leer ;
He does not think himself *small beer*.
If he but see you once , *au billard* ,
He'll , in a moment , be familiar ,
Play , half an hour , at the same table ,
And then escape him , if you're able ;
At least , to keep your own respect ,
His pertness must be sharply checked ;
In short I never saw so rude , or
So impudently free intruder ,
He's always getting into scrapes ,
And has had many close escapes ,
Saving himself , by *knocking under* ,
When he has made some foolish blunder.
When , after dinner , he gets *malty* ,
He's always ready to assault ye ,
But , tho' at night he'll oft affront ye ,
Next day he'd rather not confront ye ,
Then you may call him dolt , or ass ,
Nay kick his , and he'll kiss your —
I thought Boulogne was had enough ,
That as exceptionable stuff
Composed the English party there ,
As one could meet with , any where ;
But people , who from thence are banished ,
Have scarcely disappeared , and vanished ,

When here they come, without a blush,
And into fashion's front rank push,
Nay, what is hard to be believed,
They're in society received.
This fellow, who's had many a licking,
And bears so tamely a good kicking,
Who comes at every man's invite,
Unless when he is asked to fight,
Coward, and insolent together,
This dunghill bird shows his white feather³,
Among us here, with as much dash,
As if it were the proud panache⁴,
The snowy plume of Henri Quatre,
Foremost in every field of slaughter;
Thinking, perhaps, we've not been told
That, tho' with men he's far from bold,
He can, with impudence uncommon,
Insult an unprotected woman,
But, failing in his vile attempt,
Repulsed with merited contempt,
When disappointed, and rejected,
His brutal dastard act's detected,
Try to secure himself from blame,
And basely seek to hide his shame
By an unmanly, coward lie,
As e'er was forged by calumny.

His time is spent in nothing doing,
 Which might be better spent in *brewing*,
 For all his winnings here, at play,
 He can't afford to keep a *dray*,
 And madam draggles through the wet,
 For he won't buy her a *brew—ette*.
 How strange, he should be such a brute,
 While she's as soft as *german flute*,
 He goes to balls—at home she stops,
 She's fond of *music*—he of *hops*,
 With *sharps* a *flat*, with *flats* a *sharp*,
 He plays *écarter*—she the *harp*.

He was a small beer brewer's boy,
 And 'twas his every day employ,
 In early life, to go about
 With table beer bills, when made out,
 Per chance to write 'em, for, in truth,
 I've heard he was a well taught youth,
 That he could read, and write, and spell,
 And cast accounts, at least as well
 As any, on the Surrey side,
 Where 'twas his fortune to reside.

The daughter of a *German fidler*
 Was fool enough to let him *diddle* her,
 And when he got hold of her *quills*,
 He thought no more of *small beer* bills;

But, aiming at the *Bond street* polish
At once determined to abolish,
And sink all memory of *malt*
Thereby committing a great fault;
For often very pretty gains
Are made, even by a brewer's *grains*;
And tho' it was a monstrous rise
From *malt* to *music*, in his eyes,
Yet he had soon good cause, I fear,
To wish he had not spilled his beer:
For the old German's stock in trade,
About which so much fuss was made,
The property, thought so immense
By brewer's boy, whose whole expence
Was never eighteen pence in one day,
Including his clean shirt on Sunday,
Was soon found quite inadequate
To support all the cockney state,
That he took up, when he began
To figure as a gentleman;
For all the fiddles, flutes and drums
Had never saved him from the *bums*,
If he'd not led them all a dance,
And fled precipitate to France.

Music can "soothe the savage beast"
To music bears will dance, at least,

And brutes, by Orpheus' harp, were tamed ;
 But here's a brute still unreclaimed ,
 Still vulgar , rude , and rough , and coarse ,
 Resisting all the gentle force
 Of love , and music , still inhuman ,
 In spite of harmony , and woman .
 His wife's accomplishments , and beauty
 Might fix another in his duty ;
 But he prefers a wanton's arms ,
 And looks with coldness on her charms ,
 Left to her melancholy *solo* ,
 No wonder she's so dull , and so low ,
 For 'twill the finest temper warp ,
 For ever , on *one string* , to *harp* ,
 Some doleful ditty always humming —
 To strum alone is stupid *strumming* ,
 And when a man neglects his consort ,
 There may be music , but no *concert* :
 Where wives are left at home , alone ,
 Domestic *harmony's* unknown .

Here we have one , of many cases ,
 That show , how very odd a place is
 This Brussels , as to its society ,
 A mixture , but without variety :
 This fellow visits , goes about ,
 Is constantly invited out ,

Tho' so low born , and so low bred ,
With so much sin upon his head ,
That, wheresoe'er he shows his face ,
He brings dishonor , and disgrace ;
Tho' he such innate meanness shows ,
When to another's house he goes ,
Whose wife won't visit his , or know her .

More stupid , sure he is , and slower
Than he appears , if he can't see
That any compliment must be
An insult , rather , and offence ,
When paid him at his wife's expence ;
That those who treat her with neglect ,
For him cannot feel much respect .
Gamblers , that meet him at the club ,
Who'd join the devil in a rub ,
To whom all company's the same ,
If they can only make their game ,
Invite him home , altho' they know
He's every thing that's base , and low .

With all the will , and wish to cheat ,
For want of head , there's many a feat ,
And juggling trick ; or slight of hand ,
That he can never understand ;
For his poor wit no farther reaches ,
Nor any other method teaches

Of cheating, but the simple one
Of claiming money not his own ;
At this he's grown, from constant practice,
So quick, and clever, that, the fact is,
He often makes a dollar by it ;
Yet, sometimes, not without a riot :
Tho', ninety nine times, he's detected,
His object's gained, if unsuspected
He passes once out of a hundred.

When I first saw these things, I wondered ;
But by experience since grown wise,
I now can see, without surprise,
How little character's regarded,
How impudence is here rewarded,
How oddly etiquette's arranged,
And courtesies are interchanged
Among the men, who, cash to win, or
To drink champagne, or for a dinner
Will visit any body, tho'
The ladies won't each other know,
Because *they* neither play, nor drink,
Nor is it politic, they think,
To bring a woman to their houses,
Whose beauty might enchant their spouses,
Or throw their own into the shade.
'Tis envy makes them oft afraid

Of visiting each new come dame,
And not a nice regard for fame;
For there's in Brussels many a wife,
That's been more talked of in her life,
And many a more evil doer
Than the fair lady of the brewer.

But there is one droll story yet
It were a pity to forget,
Which shows our hero's impudence,
And makes us laugh at his expence.
To go to court, he bought a sword,
Perhaps when he'd his *beer aboard*,
But drunk, or sober, he was seen
Even in the presence of the Q—n,
Who'd n'eer observed at royal levee,
A thing so cockneyish, and heavy—
Her M—y was somewhat scared,
He pressed so close, so rudely stared;
Yet so proud was he, ne'ertheless,
Of being seen in his full dress,
And sporting in a court his figure,
Where not one, I dare swear, looked *bigger*;
That he, in haste, to London flew,
To figure at Saint-James's too:
In fact it was the only place
Where the poor man could show his face,

There only could he safely hide,
There the *bum bailies* were defied,
For who'd have dreamt, that royal door
Would open to a small beer brewer;
And tho' his creditors had guessed it,
At court he could not be arrested;
But, ere his name was in the paper,
He took his measures to escape, or
He might have been in London still,
And lodging, much against his will,
Not in the palace of the king,
But in his *bench*—a different thing.

Tho' Madam paid for his embroidery,
Not caring how much it annoyed her, he
Left her at home, whene'er at court
His face of brass, he chose to sport;
As if ashamed of her, tho' she
Is worth a thousand such as he.

I could add fifty anecdotes,
That I find of him on my notes;
But as I must go through the set,
I'll here take leave of *Heavy Wet*.

LETTER XI.

THE PICKLEMAN, AND URSA MAJOR.

Sauce for the feast.—Killing two birds with one stone.—France, Italy, England, and Belgium furnish the name, trade, fortune, and residence of—A PICKLEMAN.—His appearance.—Fond of green.—Sets up an equipage.—Customers exchanged for guests.—A daughter to dispose of.—Giving dinners not a bad way.—How to cultivate mushrooms.—The GREAT BEAR OR POLAR STAR.—A male gossip.—A gouvernante.—Economy.—Ups and downs, or the rise, and progress of a banker's clerk.—A bold dragoon.—Right about face.—Married.—A cuckold of course.—The old she bear and the black hog.—The great bear, and a great boar.—Amours of the young she-bear.—A trip to Vauxhall and the cottage over the water.—One rascal to your fork.—Close of the review.

* * * * * *pratensibus optima fungis*
Natura est * * * * *
Est operæ pretium duplicis pernoscere juris
Naturam. Simplex e dulci constat olivo.

HOR.

El hijo de la puta, à su madre saca de duda
 SPANISH proverb.

If, heretofore, my cousin dear,
 I've furnished you, with subjects queer,

As matter for a mental feast;
 And dished up the first course, at least;
 Now, to complete the bill of fare,
 I send, of *sauce*, the proper share,
 Resolved, the banquet not to spoil,
 By too much acid, and no oil,
 But, as sage folks, like you, that boast age;
 Think a good deal about their postage,
 And it suits not your plans financial,
 To pay for things quite unsubstantial;
 I'll send you something, with your *pickles*,
 To make a *muckle*, of two *muckles*,
 And I shall use but one envelope,
 That your expences may not swell up,
 So, killing two birds with one stone,
 Squeeze both my letters, into one.

The first is of one, who, by chance,
 Got his ignoble name, from France,
 From Italy, he got his trade,
 In England, he a fortune made,
 Then, as *low countries* suit *low fellows*,
 Or, lest poor Belgium should be jealous,
 He stowed himself on board the Talbot,
 Or else, on board some other small boat,
 And came to Brussels, to reside,
 Resolved his favors to divide.

Here, one may, with a little sense,
 Cut a great dash, at small expence.
 Here PICKLEMAN may live, *preserving*
 The fortunes made at counters sirving.
 Here proudly struts the *macaroni*;
 Who's muster'd up a little money
 Still looking like a Johnny Newcoome, or
 A badly cured and pimpled cucumber.
 His livery, and his wife's bonnet,
 Each has a little green upon it—
 Ladies, and lackies, to look best,
 Should, by all means, in green be dressed;
 So olives, and so girkins, too,
 Unless they're green, will never do.
 Folks, that have grand-fathers, can't chuse
 The liveries, their servants use;
 But they have privilege to do't
 Who spring up from a *fungous root*,
 And fellows claim heraldic coats,
 Who've turned their rags, into bank notes,
 Whose fathers went about rag fair,
 With coatless arms; and a—'s bare.
 The case is different, with a wife,
 She may be ever-green for life,
 Or, if she likes, go quite undressed;
 But I esteem that husband blessed;

Whose wife's caprice no farther reaches,
And leaves him master of—his breeches.

But let us not forget our here,
So famed for tongue, and sauce, and *syrop*,
Who *sold* anchovy, soy, and Harvey,
'Till he could *buy* himself a Jarvey;
But now he's called a worthy fellow
And quite delightful, when he's mellow,
Tho' his tongue's dry, and, without *soaking*,
They say 'tis not a tongue, for joking;
For there's no *attic* in his *salt*;
Which, for a tongue, is a great fault.

But give me any other dish
Or flesh, or fowl or game, or fish,
Rather than tongue, dry sweet, or pickled
Unless, *with brains*, my palate's tickled.
But tho' his tongue may be amiss,
Cockneys who dine with him, say this,
That, if his feasts are not to Hoyle
According, yet they are to *oil*;
And they are very oft repeated:
The guests like customers are treated,
Where folks go now, to eat a custard,
Who once went to the shop, for mustard;
And are, as civilly, received,
For, by wise parents, 'tis believed,

When they've a daughter to dispose of,
That she, to more advantage, goes off,
Among the youths, who come to dine,
When heads, and hearts, are soft with wine.
And little *Pickle's* very pretty,
So much so, that, I vow, 'tis pity
Her father ever dealt in *catchup*;
For that's a flaw one cannot patch up.
The man that gets her, may rejoice, he
At least may be a little *saucy*;
And nine months after he has wed,
When he looks in his *parsley bed* ⁴,
He'll find a little *mushroom* there,
If she prove fruitful, as she's fair.

But whether blonde, or *olivâtre*,
I can't afford just now to flatter,
Nor have I time to longer stop
With oily *Ajax*, in his shop;
But to my *banker* must step over,
As I wish, under the same cover,
To send you a short draft, at sight,
Not on, but of, the witless wight.
See! here he comes! tho' *last not least!!!*
Now, is he not a *monstrous beast*?
You'll guess his name, I'll lay a wager,
The arctic bear, the *ursa major*.

A fixed star once, a planet now,
He left the POLES, no-one knows how,
To wander after *Mars*, and *Venus*,
'Twas an *odd course*, but that's between us.

There's not, in Brussels, an old maid,
At tea table makes such a trade
Of gossiping, and tittle tattle;
Yet gives, himself, such room for prattle;
I never knew so ill a tongue, or
A more illnature'd scandal monger;
Without a grain of manly spirit
Where e'er there's filth, he's sure to stir it.
With such a little mind, tis odd, he
Should have so very *great a body*.

The fool was once in wedlock buckled,
And is, of course, an arrant cuckold,
Living, in thralldom, with a *shrew*,
That rules him, and his daughter too.
Tho' it was easy to seduce her,
He finds it hard to introduce her,
And, spite of every trick, she's slighted;
Altho', wherever he's invited,
He seems determin'd, right, or wrong,
In every mess, to stick his *prong*.
But 'tis no easy thing to stick it;
Tho', at each *dor*, she drops her ticket.

Tho' he gives dinners, for a bait,
 And celebrates her *birth-day fête*;
 In vain, he tries each sly manœuvre,
 And may as well at once remove her;
 For, tho' she fret, and fume, and frown,
 The *Governess* will not go down.

If living in concubinage
 (Altho' his daughter be of age
 To suffer by an ill example)
 Be, of propriety, a sample,
 He's, certainly, a proper man,
 And may his neighbor's conduct scan;
 If guzzling till the clock strikes one,
 Either, with others, or *alone*,
 Be, of *good fellowship*, the test,
 He's, sure, of good fellows, the best,
 If *savoir manger*, *savoir vivre*,
 Be all the same, he's a *good liver*:
 For who loves better a nice dish,
 And nicely dressed, of flesh, or fish,
 Or who knows better where to buy it,
 Fresh, good, and cheap, and snug, and quiet.
 There's not a housewife in the town,
 To market goes, with *money down*,
 More cheaply furnishes her larder,
 Or haggles for a bargain harder,

'Tis always laudable to spare ,
And manage , with a prudent care :
To live well , one must live in bounds ,
On pension of three hundred pounds ,
But , in extremes , there's always evil ,
And , to be shabby , is the devil .
To friends I'd never close my door ,
Yet keep a dollar for the poor ,
I'd do without a *Gouvernante* ,
And sometimes go to see *ma tante* :
Contented , on plain joint I'd dine ,
And rather take my pint of wine ,
Than , with my franc , seem loth to part ,
Or , for a stiver , break my heart .
But that which , in the bone , is bred ,
Is hard to eradicate , 'tis said .
The son of a low office sweeper ,
Or , at the most , a ledger-keeper ,
Whose master's house was doomed to fall or he
Must have drudged on , at humble salary ,
But who grew rich , from their undoing ,
Whose fortune rose , out of thier ruin ,
Who , in the general derangement ,
Was found so clever at arrangement ,
Tho' , while accounting for large sums ,
He took care to pick up his crumbs ,

And, in dividing, thought it fair,
To have the oyster, for his share,
And give the creditors the shell,
In short, who managed things so well,
That he was joined in the new Co;
With some small sixteenth share, or
Thus fortune smiles, and thus she frowns
Such are in life the ups, and downs
The son of such a one, can never
Be any thing but mean, however.

When the old clerk had run his race,
Our hero took his father's place.
'Twas his, to open, first the shop,
And latest in the office stop:
But he was quickly found unfit,
From want of principle, or wit,
And so permitted to retire,
As he says, at his own desire,
The bankers thought it not too dear,
To give three hundred pound a year
Of such a partner, to be rid,
If he would take it—which he did,
And bought a cornetcy of horse;
With pension small, one might do worse;
But, when a shabby clerk's found out,
He's soon sent to the right about,

Our hero scorning to be idle,
 With his « long sword, and saddle, bridle
 And his long back, and his annuity,
 Not thinking he should ever rue it, he
 Made schift, in wedlock to take in,
 Some wretched girl, some « mistress Flin,
 But husbands should, like other hacks,
 Be chosen; not for their *long backs*,
 Unless they're *in their other parts*
 Proportioned well, and have good hearts.
 Who ever would have chosen him,
 That had observed his slender limb?
 And his poor wife found out, ere long,
 That she'd too hasty been, and wrong,
 So took it in her head, one day,
 To quit her bear, and run away.

In this man's commerce with the fair,
 It is amusing, I declare,
 To observe, that of his she relations,
 Those of the fairest reputations,
 Were yet, so very much debased,
 So infamous, and so unchaste,
 That she, who for his mistress passes,
 Tho' of the humble servile class, is
 Virtue itself, put in comparison
 (So quiet is the game she carries on)

With Bruin's wife , or his mama ,
Both so notoriously paw paw.

His mother , the deceased clerk's wi-dow ,

A pious lover chose , like Dido ,

Not an Æneas ; but a hog ,

A liquorish , and hungry dog ,

A hypocrite , a hardened sinner ,

That *kissed* old women , before dinner ,

A black coat , in a gown , and wig ,

A sort of amorous *learned pig* .

But yet who could not save his *bacon* ,

When , in the fact , by Bruin taken ,

Who doubtless thought him a great *bore* ,

As , entering the parlor door ,

He found him in a situation ,

That won't admit of explanation ,

With Madam , his respected parent ,

And shocked , at scandal so apparent ,

Rushing like a bold son of Mars on ,

Into the streets , he kicked the parson .

Not less renowned , is mistress Bruin ;

For wantonness , and evil doing ,

I think we might set madam down

'Gainst any nymph upon the town ,

For the great number of her lovers ;

There's none , whose brass is much above hers ,

But her most noted love of all,
 Is he, so well known at Vauxhall,
 With whom, she long time lived, in guilt;
 In cottage neat, that he had built,
 Their happiness had nought to mar it;
 No *Crim-con* damages to bar it:
 For Bruin was, himself, so bad,
 It seems, no action could be had.
 Now since his wife was forced to run for't,
 A concubine is all his comfort.

'Tis wise to have unto your bow
 Two-strings, lest one should snap, or go,
 And, if a wife leave you in distress,
 That's an excuse to keep a mistress.
 Our friend, tho' double in some things,
 And, tho' his bow has got two strings,
 As opposites will often mingle,
 In some things too, is odd, and single,
 For, with but one *prong* to his *fork*,
 He still gets through a deal of work,
 And tho' his neighbors think it strange,
 He never *thinks* of any change.

But here I leave this sulky Bruin,
 And with him, close my grand reviewing,
 I've baited him to cause a laugh,
 And teid him, muzzled, to his staff.

How foolish! for should he get free,
I'm sure to bring him down on me.
Adieu, Coz, 'till again I trouble you
Meantime, yours truly H. C. W.



LETTER XII

THE DANCING AND PRAYING COMMITTEES.

Delay of correspondence accounted for.—Topics of conversation in Brussels.—The English church affairs, and the stewards of the ball.—Sipthorp.—The Saxon.—Hof of Canterbury.—Ferdinand the catholic.—The cuckoo.—A masking lady, or a slice off a cut loaf. — The colonel as bad as mister. — Fitness of the stewards. — Sunday men.—The ass in the lion's skin, or going to court in disguise an insult to their M*****s.—Chapel disputes.—Self chosen Committee.—Police applied to.—A Churchwarden's idea of a black-guard.—Intended duel.—Ends in smoke.—Conclusion. « No more at present. »

*Of all the days that's in the week
They dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
A saturday, and monday.*

ENGLISH SONG.

Cousin, if I have missed a packet,
Or kept my correspondence back, it
Is just to add a little news
Of what is passing; 'twill amuse

You , as , from what I've writ you must
 Have formed a tolerably just ;
 Idea , of the character
 Of those , who make the greatest stir
 In all the comic scenes , and queer ,
 That are , at this time , passing here . : : :
 Two things are talked of , in this city ;
 The church , and charity committee ,
 Which regulates the sermons , psalms ,
 And distribution of the alms ,
 Who shall , or shall not preach , declares ,
 And who , on sundays , shall read prayers ,
 With all the feuds , and all the jars ,
 Intended duels , paper wars .
 The wrangling , and the discontent
 Occasioned by bad management ;
 All which , by and by , I shall endeavor
 To give account of— first , however ,
 In a few words , just let me state
 The other subject of debate ;
 Which is , the very odd selection ,
 Made without ballot , or election ,
 Of stewards , for what they chuse to call
Par excellence , the English ball .
 These stewards are Siphthorp , and the Saxon ;
 He whom the Kent men turn thair backs on ,

For only running from his bail ,
Because he did not love a gaol ,
With Ferdinand *le Catholique* ,
And one , of whom a word I'll speak
Just now , because I'd left him out ,
As not worth being talked about ,
And still should do so (for I think
Describing him is waste of ink)
But that he has some right , as steward ,
To notice , and might think it too hard ,
Should I not give a line , or two ,
To celebrate a poor cuckoo ;
When I've been so profuse of words ,
To sing of rooks , and other birds .
'Tis fair to give him too , some praise
For tho' he wears no crown of bays ,
Or laurel , yet not unadorned
The front , that's so completely horned .

Those days of merry carnival ,
Must ever , to his mind , recall
The masking of his sprightly dame ,
Who played so ill her *cunning game* ,
That , ere 'twas ended , it was known
To every gossip in the town ;
Her cuckoo came too , in the nick ,
When she had scarce got one odd trick ;

But only came to thank the party,
With whom she stole off to *écarter*,
Much too polite to take offence;
For he has travelled, and has sense:
Such games his wife was sure to win,
Taking the simple Dutchman in,
And if she won, he nothing lost;
A slice off a cut loaf at most.

So poor in spirit, and in purse,
Even here, one could find nothing worse;
For, if one could, he'd not been chosen
Among the few select, my cousin,
To do the honors of the ball;
But he's the shabbiest steward of all.

What pity we have not his brother.
In Brussels, just to add another,
And make the number up to six;
For with them he has claims to mix;
If incest such a claim can give,
If it be infamous, to live
In shameless commerce, with two sisters,
The colonel's name is worse than mister's:
I therefore think, it was a pity
He was not of the ball committee,
Of whom, or most of whom, I might,
What I said of the parson, write,

That , " some folks might let *dolls* alone ,
If every body had their own : "
For if , in England , such a set ,
For such a propose , could be met ,
Their meeting place must be a gaol.

Yet should not one too lightly rail
At such a choice , for in those schools ,
Where men live ever within *rules* ,
We may suppose them well instructed
How things *en règle* are conducted ;
And who's so like to do things *nately* ,
As one that has been *whitewashed* lately .
Men used to a *confined* society ,
In which , however , there's variety ,
May make their *fête select* , and various .
Tho' some of them are rogues nefarious ,
Yet , in the Netherlands , or France ,
Who's fitter to lead up a dance ,
Than one , whose bail now sorely feels ,
And owns the lightness of his heels ?
Who could so well arrange the sets ,
Or caper , and *cut summersets* ,
As one whom *Somerset* has cut ,
That *cut* and *run* ? whom could we put ,
More porperly , on the committee ,
Than supple *Sawney* ? tho' not fit he

To figure in the gay quadrille ,
There's none more able to fulfil
The *bowing* part , hiss bending spine
Is ever ready to incline
To a great *mon* ; he's so polite ,
And has such short , convenient sight ,
That things are done , *close to his nose* ,
By madam , which he never knows.
No Laplander , or south sea islander ^s ,
Can do the honors like this highlander ,
Nor strangers welcome , with more kindness :
So great his complaisance—or blindness.

Then , for the duties of croupier^s ,
There's not so fit a fellow here ,
As soaking Siphthorp , for altho'
He's sulky drunk , if sober , slow ,
And stupid , yet he likes good liquor
As well , as some whose wits are quicker ,
And has sufficient sense , *t'arranger*
Game , fruit , cakes , ices , and *blanc manger* ;
And ; lastly , for the *écarter* table ,
Where could we find s steward more able
Than « *voyez bien* » , than that old stager ,
That wins at every game , — the Major ,
The Anglo-saxon , Lord *Sans-terre*
Baron *de la rue Pépinière* ?

Brussels is quite a bed of roses ,
For those who cannot show their noses
In England , where , of all the crew
Of stewards , there is but one , the Jew ,
That can appear , for all the rest
Can show but once a week , at best ,
Else would the Bench , or Fleet , I swear ,
Be their *Hotel* in *Angleterre* ;
Where snug , within four naked walls ,
Fancy them giving *fancy balls* ;
Then were these fellows in their place ;
But here , you'll own tis a disgrace ,
A stigma on the british nation ,
Its character , and reputation ;
That such as these should represent
The English , who are resident
In this gay , and great capital ,
Or , in their names , should give a ball ;
That we , no better stewards could chuse ,
Than cuckolds , jail-birds , germans , jews ,
And swindling guardians , leg bail debtors ;
Whose dance should be , a dance in fetters ,
Mock officers , who , like the ass ,
Put on the lion's skin , to pass
For what they are not , who have made .
Unblushingly , a masquerade

Even of the royal Belgian , court
By daring , openly to sport
There , when permitted to appear ,
A dress they had no right to wear ,
A british uniform , thereby
Grossly insulting royalty ,
On a most gracious king imposing ,
Themselves to chastisement exposing ,
From any man they chanced to meet ,
That felt indignant at the cheat.

But , 'tis enough , let's leave the ball ,
To talk about the preaching brawl ,
The wardens , pastors , and the chapel ,
More fought about than discord's apple.
E'er since the old disputes of Trent ^s ,
Ecclesiastical event
Has not made half the noise , and fuss ,
That church affairs make among us.

We have a *prince* , here , of the *church* ,
Whose *friends* have left him in the lurch ;
A docteur , and a reverend pastor ,
Who would contend against his *master* ;
But not successfully , for merit ,
And eloquence , and wit , and spirit ,
Are feeble arms against the set ,
That form the managing quartette ;

And victory too often sticks , on
Whatever side our friend old *Nick's on* ;
Besides , some are so dull of sight ,
They can't distinguish wrong , from *Right* ;
Some are so destitute of soul ,
In heart , and mind , as black as *Coal* ,
That , from 'em one might hope , in vain ,
A righteous judgment to obtain ,
Disputing with a sect of *Tailors*
Is sure to raise a host of railers ,
In every corner of the town ,
Ready with lies to cry you down .

If the ball stewards were self elected ,
The churchwardens are not selected
By vestry meeting , and no voice ,
Except their own , confirmed the choice
Of a *committee* , so thick witted ,
As not to see , they're not *committed* :
Thinking , perhaps , poor stupid elves !
'Tis fair they should *commit* themselves :
But since they will seek after *leasing* ,
They can't be to a churchman pleasing ,
If yet they should to other folks .

Now , for a while , a truce with jokes ,
To talk of matters rather serious ,
And by some writers called mysterious ,

How the selfnamed committee got
Possession , by some trick , or plot ,
Of chapel , and appurtenances ,
Disposing of funds , and finances ,
Without once deigning to advise
With those , who furnish the supplies :
Tyrants that act without consent
Of people , or of parliament ,
And ministers , that can't be reached ;
By punishment , altho' impeached ;
With , at their head , as chief *lessee* ,
• The *honest , trustworthy trustee* ,
Famed for fidelity in Kent ,
Ere he came on the continent ,
And famous too , in Brussels , here ,
At balls , as steward , and *volunteer* ,
And *volunteering* to distribute
Whatever alms the folks contribute.
For who's so fit , as *orphan robber* ,
For a church warden job , or
What overseer can be more proper
Than one that's known to be a pauper ,
That his own little all has spent ,
And all that to his care was lent ,
That lives himself , on charity ,
And , at this hour , perhaps might be

In parish work house , or confined
In county gaol , but for the kind ,
And freindly aid of a relation .

Such is the state of degradation
In which he lives , whose interest ,
With the police here , is the best :
Who , with the aid of a sharp *Knife* ,
Can cut much deeper , on my life ,
And , against scribblers , go a length
Much greater , than even Charles the tenth
Can do in France , for he can stop
A man , from selling in his shop
A thing like this , a rhiming letter ,
Such as fools write , who know no better ,
Because it happens to displease him ,
And ridicule and satire tease him ;
He can do this , and even more ,
Place *pompier*s at the chapel door ¹⁰ ,
Forbidding entrance to *black-guards* .
These are not men , who *rob their wards* ,
Swindlers , that run away in debt ,
Nor cheats , and vagabonds , nor yet
Unmannerly , and ill dressed boys ,
That play in street , and make a noise ;
But churchmen , doctors , gowned , and banded ,
That , by churchwardens , are thus branded ;

For this it was, that dull don Quiz,
Tho' it was no affair of his ;
But Quixote like, for others fighting,
And in defence of virtue writing,
Thought fit to let the warden know
He'd cut him dead, for acting so.
Language that may be fit to use,
When some poor *tailor* we abuse ; •
But good Don Quiz should recollect,
The world pays, even to rogues, respect,
When of the rank of gentlemen,
And ought to have restrained his pen :
For tho', tis said, nine tailors make
But one man, it were a mistake,
To think the proverb could allude
To any, but the brotherhood
Of cabbaging, and clipping *schneiders*,
Knights of the shears, and crosslegged riders ;
For those, who only have the name,
May not be, more than others, tame :
Quixote was, therefore, rash, and wrong,
To write the truth, in words so strong ;
Which left an opening for reply,
In terms evasive, and yet high.
But he was firm, if he was rash,
And, what *he* said in the quick flash

Of wraht, he stuck to, to the last, :
After defiance had passed.

Now tho' all this was rather foolish
And tho' some call such conduct mulish ;
Yet as the rash billet was penned ,
And glove thrown down , to serve a freind ,
Against a politic church warden ,
We should not quite refuse to pardon
Conduct well meant , altho' quixotic.
Resistance to attempts despotic.
But , that such blaze should end in smoke ,
Is , even here , thought a good joke ,
'And we've been much amused to see
Threats , war , and dread hostility ,
Confined to paper , and to words ,
Instead of pistols , and drawn swords.
How this was managed I can't guess
And , to explain it , don't profess ;
But things stand as they stood before ,
And the police still guard the door :
The warden lost a dinner by it ,
But , for the rest , now all is quiet.

Thus , having told you , my good Coz ,
What one says here , and what one does ,
And made an effort , to describe
Those of most note , among the tribe

Of Brussels-English , and to give
You an idea how they live ,
To draw aside the veil of mystery ,
That masks the character , and history
Of many stars of fashion , here ,
That , shining in such narrow sphere ,
Owe all their false , and meteor light ,
To the sad darkness of our night ,
Who'd be extinguished in the blaze
Of real fashion's noontide rays.
I'll finish with , « no more at present » ,
But , if you find the subject pleasant ,
If my « bad writing » you'll excuse ,
And these poor doggrels should amuse ,
The correspondence I'll renew ,
Perhaps within a month or two.
But for the present having writ all
Farewell , Horatius Cocles Wittol.

THE END.

NOTES.



LETTER I.

¹ PAGE 3.

— *sinks like Danaïdal tubs.*

The fifty daughters of Danaüs, according to the fable, were condemned to incessant labor in pouring water into vessels, which, as they had no bottoms, could never be filled. None but professed gamblers, can find a bottom to the écarté tables, at the clubs, and there, one's gold flows in a stream that never returns. How much civilization, and the ingenuity of man, have improved even upon the old mode of punishing, adopted by the Gods themselves. What a fine thing the tread mill would have been for the fifty widows!

² PAGE 3.

— *as elsewhere, does golden shower.*

See the well known story of the *Amours of Jupiter and Danaë the daughter of Acrisius.*

8 PAGE 7.

— *turn the king.*

To understand what this, and some of the following expressions allude to, it will be necessary to look into the rules of *écarté*, which, it is to be hoped, will be bound up with all future editions of Hoyle.

9 PAGE 11.

We'll step to Perceval's

A famous tavern. kept by a very beautiful and very obliging woman. It is much patronised by the English, and particularly by the married men.

10 PAGE 12.

— *a nap, in getting jolly.*

The french twenty franc piece, of which a great portion is of the coinage of Napoleon. The English call them familiarly *Naps*.

11 PAGE 14.

— *who cannot, with their épaulette,*
Put on good breeding, etc.

Lest I should, by any chance, be misunderstood, or

supposed to throw the slightest reflexion on the officers belonging to the Belgian service, I must take this opportunity of declaring, that I never knew more correct, and well bred gentlemen, than those among them with whom I have had the honor to be acquainted, and I have reason to know, that in no service, is there a greater proportion of gentlemen of family, and education. But, at the same time, I am satisfied most of themselves will admit, that it is rather dangerous to entrust young women of fashion, of any contry, to the constant society of wild young men, just come out of a barrack. It is perhaps necessary to mention here, that in most of the continental armies, a young man must begin his military career, as a private soldier, however high his family, and rank in other respects.

12 PAGE 16.

— *some low grisette.*

A familiar name for the shop girls of Paris — It is usual for English ladies, who want a governess for their daughters, to advertise for a *Gouvernante*, a word which they find in their pocket dictionaries perhaps, answering to the English word governess, which, however, has a very different meaning, and as the advertisement very often does not specify who are to be the *governed*, any young woman who thinks herself qualified to act as *housekeeper to a single Gentleman*, answers it, and never makes any objection to the more respectable, if not more lucrative employment of young lady's governess. Her Brussels *patois* passes for

pure french, and she is immediately installed, to her great surprise, as preceptress to the children of people of fashion — credit is given her for morals, because there is a sort of decorum in her dress, and manner, that certainly does not belong to persons of the same class, in England. They pay more attention to the graces, and have the advantage of easy impudence over English girls, which passes for good breeding with some ladies, who often think it unnecessary to make inquiries as to character, but when they do, a pretty grisette is not likely to have her fortune spoiled, for want of some good natured person, to commend her as a *gouvernante*.

13 PAGE 16.

— *the guinguette*.

Guinguettes are public houses in the suburbs, with gardens and large ball rooms, where the lower orders go, to dance, and amuse themselves.

LETTER II.

1 PAGE 18.

Poor Polly Hopkins —

There is a duet sung at Vauxhall which begins thus :

Pretty, pretty, Polly Hopkins,
How d'ye do? how d'ye do?
Not much better, M^r Tomkins,
For seeing you, for seeing you.

2 PAGE 21.

In which with épaulette end sash.

Though the character of Siphthorp may, or may not be drawn from nature, as the reader chuses to fancy — it certainly is a fact, that an English *bourgeois* is in the habit of making his appearance at court, in the regimental uniform of a british field officer.

3 PAGE. 24.

— or by a lucky terme.

The Belgian lottery which is drawn every week, is on the same plan as the french lotteries, in which ninety num-

bers are put into the wheel, and only five are drawn out. An adventurer, who has hit upon three of these, is said to have won a *terne*, and receives 5,500 times his stake, the proportion is, of course, much greater if four numbers are drawn, less, if two, and only 18 times the stake is paid for the *extrait*, or single number: Gambling in this way, is quite the business of some of the English: and their good luck or bad luck, their distance from, or hair-breadth 'scape of a prize on saturday, furnishes men women, and children, with a subject of conversation for the week.

6 PAGE 23.

— *Cambre echoes with cuckoo.*

This is true, the *Cambre bos* is remarkable for a great number of these ill omened birds.

8 PAGE 24.

— *Touchstone with fat frowsy Audrey.*

AUDREY.

Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE.

No truly unless thou wert hard favored.

.

TOUCHSTONE.

Here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but

horn beasts, but what though? *Courage!* as horns are odious they are necessary.

(SHAKESPEAR, As you like it).

LETTER III.

1 PAGE 28.

At Jessica with her Lorenzo.

— In such a night

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And, with an unthrift love, did run.

— And in such a night

Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one. —

SHAKESPEAR.

2 PAGE 33.

At Coulson's learned to read, etc.—

Coulson's is the charity school at Bristol.

— *Set up the Lombard's sign.*

The Lombards were the people who first established banks in England, and had the arms of Lombardy, which consisted of three balls, usually suspended over their doors; they lent money on pledges, and, in their days, the banking, and pawnbroking trades were one. — They gave their name to the well known street in the city of London where so many opulent bankers still carry on their business. — Bankers in our times need no sign; but the arms of Lombardy still invite the necessitous to the shop of the pawnbroker, who is frequently some benevolent Jew.

LETTER IV.

— *in military coats.*

See note 2 to letter II.

— *priests like laymen.*

The generality of my readers will hardly believe, but it

is notwithstanding, an undoubted fact that an English clergyman, in Brussels, ashamed perhaps of his profession, not only makes a brown coat, of dandy cut, his, usual, every day dress, but has even shown his ignorance or effrontery, by going to court, not in his canonicals, but dressed *en bourgeois*—of course it was his first appearance in the presence of Majesty, and it is to be hoped he will not offend in that way again.

3 PAGE 36.

—and coarse draymen.

The queen, whose graceful manner is only rendered more interesting by an unaffected modesty, was put quite out of countenance, by the forwardness, and vulgar stare of a quondam Small-beer brewer's man, at one of her Majesty's drawing rooms.—

4 PAGE 36.

—FROW.

Wife.

5 PAGE 40.

—every day arrives.

Arrives is, I am afraid, a gallicism.

LETTER V.

PAGE 50.

Throughout this happy land—

I look upon the kingdom of the Netherlands as one of the happiest, and its government, as administered by William the first, as one of the best in Europe — this is not my private opinion merely, but that of men of all countries and of every party, with whom I have conversed. If the police system has, to Englishmen, who are unaccustomed to it, something of an arbitrary appearance, and if its regulations have, in one, or two instances, produced some inconvenience to individuals, those instances are extremely rare; and Englishmen should, in fairness, recollect that much greater strictness is necessary, in countries on the continent, where an extended frontier offers such facilities for the entrance, and evasion of offenders of every description: than in England where our insulated situation renders many of those measures of precaution unnecessary. — There is not in Europe a place better adapted for the temporary residence of English families, who desire to economise, than Brussel—a beautiful town, lodgings, and all the necessaries of life, at a moderate rate, and though the picture of English society, drawn in this volume, is not very inviting, new comers might use it as a warning, and avoid getting into contact with such characters, as are alluded to in it. There are many worthy people

residing here, who never associate with them, or at least never on terms of intimacy.

The goodnatured, and condescending courtesy of his Royal Highness the prince of Orange, towards the English residents in general— and the gracious reception they invariably meet with from their Majesties, have contributed, not a little, to make Brussels a very delightful residence for those, whose circumstances oblige them to give up the comforts of *home*. This kindness and condescension, on the part of their Majesties, and the prince, and princess of Orange, has however been much imposed on, by the impertinent intrusion, of vulgar and ignorant people, as, in several places, it is hinted in these letters— Though I felt my want of ability to express, in a manner worthy of the subject, the few words, which I have ventured to insert, on the character of the prince, I found so much pleasure in obeying the dictates of my heart by writing, that I neglected the counsels of my head, which bid me not enter upon a topic that I was unequal to.—

2 PAGE 50.

— *my shrovetide letter.*

These letters were finished during the carnival; but it was impossible to get them printed earlier.—

3 PAGE 51.

— *you grow.*

Lady. — *Flemish.*

4 PAGE 54.

— *holding six.*

See note 6 to letter I.

LETTER VI.

1 PAGE 57.

— *Ferdinand and Isabella.*

United the kingdoms of Castile, and Arragon, by marriage, and added some of the other kingdoms of Spain to those, by conquest, so that they were properly speaking, the first sovereigns of that country, and the first who took the title of *Catholic*. — Pride, ignorance, and superstition are the characteristics of the catholic court.

2 PAGE 58.

— *no steel Toledan blade.*

The city of Toledo, in the catholic king's dominions, was famous for its manufactory of sword blades — and a sort of stiff, straight sword, of awkward length, was commonly called a Toledo.

3 PAGE 58.

— *great grandson of Miletus.*

It would have been more correct perhaps, to have written

Milesius; for so the fabled progenitor of the Irish, the Scythian descendant of Magog was called, I believe, but as Miletus *pronounced in the Irish way*, makes such an excellent rhyme for potatoes, and as it is a name much more familiar to the generality of readers, who are better acquainted with the classics, than with Irish tradition, I have ventured to substitute it: particularly as, this distance of time, I think it would be a little difficult to prove, that Milesius had any greater claim than Miletus to the honor of colonising Erin; however having indulged in my rhyme, I think it right to make this apology for it, in order to *indulge* my readers with a choice, as to the spelling of this ancient Gentleman's name.

4 PAGE 58.

— *and of potatoes.*

We can speak with more certainty of these more recent colonists, which came from America to Ireland about three hundred years ago. Yet their english orthography is not exactly according to the pronounciation of their Indian name, Patatas, or batatas.

5 PAGE 59.

As Saint Patricius was, —

Saint Patrick was born towards the close of the 4th century. According to his own account, he was *of a good family*, of the name of Calphurnius. Some writers say his

152.

mother's name was Conchessa, she was the niece of saint Martin of Tours. He calls himself a Briton, and a *Roman*, meaning probably that he was of a mixed race. But a little alloy, even with *gold*, is often found to be an improvement. The saint was sent upon his mission by pope Celestine, who had made him a bishop, and who died in the year 432.

6 PAGE 59.

— *nobility's the unica*

Virtus —

Nobilitas sola atque unica virtus. I believe mine differ from the usual mode of translating this line.

7 PAGE 59.

whose fides punica.

The bad faith of the Carthaginians, was proverbial among the Romans, who called it *fides punica*. The Phenicians, or Carthaginians, their descendants, are said to have colonised Ireland, and so in ancient families, a good deal of this punic blood is preserved unmixed with that of the English, who were uncivilised barbarians, *comme chacun sait*, in the days of those Phenicians. Let any body look at our hero, just out of *limbo*. Is he not, not only a Phenician, but a Phoenix risen from his ashes, and more beautiful than ever.

8 PAGE 60.

That tho' commissioner—

Of insolvent debtors.

9 PAGE 61.

— in swindler's hue and cry.

The tradesmen of London undertook some time ago, to publish an account of the noted swindlers about town, as a warning.

10 PAGE 63.

— As to be ruled by golden Bulls.

The *golden Bull*, as my readers know, was not a popish bull, but the act which first gave a solid form to the Germanic constitution, under Charles IV, the king of Bohemia in the 14th century. It is a curious sample of the stile, and spirit of that age, and contains many absurd opinions, that had the force of laws: it begins with an apostrophe to *pride, anger, luxury, and Satan*, and declares that, because there are seven mortal sins, there should be seven electors. One might suppose there were but *six mortal sins* in Brussels, and so account for the six self elected stewards of the bull, but if a mortal sin was wanted, why not import one from Bruges? See letter XII, line 71. The *golden Bull* had its

name from the Bulla, or seal of gold, with which it was impressed, the pope's decrees are called bulls for the same reason.

II PAGE 63.

— *Gold may break through prison walls,*

See the motto at the head of this letter.

III PAGE 63.

*Can use their freedom, and their power;
Tho' they enjoy it, but an hour.*

I should be very sorry to have it supposed, that these were my serious sentiments; nothing more is meant, than a mere play upon the word *emancipation*. Rather far stretched, it must be confessed.

LETTER VII.

I PAGE 75.

— *Les péchés cachés.*

The french proverb says that —

Le péché caché est moitié pardonné.

² PAGE 78.

— *hen pecked Wittol.*

I beg to say, that this is quite a different branch of the Wittols, and no relation of my family.

LETTER VIII.

¹ PAGE 80.

— *FURNS.*

The word *FURNS* may seem misapplied here, because the passage in the text, by which its application is born out, was by some oversight, omitted in the copy of the M. S. which was sent to the printer. It speaks of a person who passes his time in gambling, revelling, and giving dinners on the continent, while his friends, who gave *security* for him, are in *gaol* in England. The passage shall be inserted in the next edition, now going to press.

² PAGE 80.

— *the LORDS* —

The reader must not fancy this alludes to the LORDS of the A—y.

3 PAGE 81

Than sevens and eights —

See note 8 to letter I.

4 PAGE 81.

— a touch of royal blood.

It is one of the vulgar superstitions prevalent in Scotland, Ireland, and, I believe, in some parts of England, that the scrofulous disease, called the king's evil, may be cured by the touch of a person belonging to the royal family of the Stuarts. Similar superstitions have existed with respect to the royal family of France, and miraculous cures have been performed by several of the French kings, according to the grave accounts of some of their historians.

5 PAGE 85.

— what some bold Gyges might

Attempt —

My classical readers will remember the story of the Lydian king, who, was so proud of his wife's charms, that he exposed her while in the bath, to the gaze of his friend Gyges, who fell in love with her, murdered the king Candaules, married the queen, and mounted the throne with her.

6 PAGE 87.

The man that played the Cock with Kemble.

I think the anecdote is to be found in Joe Miller, of a fellow who claimed acquaintance with John Kemble, from having once played with him in Hamlet. That is, he crowded behind the scenes, as a cock, while Kemble was enacting the Danish prince.

7 PAGE 88.

in rue Musée at two.

The English service is performed in a chapel in the rue Musée, at two o'clock on sundays.

LETTER IX.

1 PAGE 89.

How many saucy airs we meet.

How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple bar to Aldgate street.

GAY.

2 PAGE 91.

To go to court, —

See note 3 letter 1V.

3 PAGE 92.

Had I, of gold rupees, —

A lack of rupees is about 10.000 pounds sterling.

4 PAGE 92.

And at the year's end, make it tell.

I have heard of an English clergyman boasting that he made 800 francs a month, in Brussels, by écarter.

5 PAGE 93.

*To deck his front, if not as fine as
Brutus —*

The *Brutus* crop has had its day of fashion, and is, I believe, even now considered a very becoming cut, by some Dandies—but the *Collatinus* is much more common, though we don't hear the term used, because those who are so dressed, are not very proud of the fashion. Madam Collatinus too, was a *coiffeuse malgré elle*.

6 PAGE 94.

— *saw a negro.*

To make the rhyme correct, the word *negro* must be pronounced as it is in the original spanish, from which language we have adopted it.

7 PAGE. 95.

For many a Yorkshire pedigree.

Nothing is more common, than forged pedigrees for *horses*, in Yorkshire, where the farmers engage in breeding these noble animals, more than in any other county in England.

8 PAGE 95.

— *true barbarian race.*

A great number of our well bred English horses are descended from barbs, or barbarians, who are the sires of a light, active and spirited breed, to be found in many parts of Spain, particularly in Andalusia.

9 PAGE 95.

Scared by the auto, called da fã.

The executions under the authority of the inquisition, ori-

ginally directed against the Moors, have been also employed to extort money from the wealthy jews— some of whom took refuge in England— where craft and money are always welcome. About 30,000 jewish families were driven out of Spain, towards the latter end of the 15th century, when that persecution began.

10 PAGE 95.

— broke down at *Knavesmire*.

A well known race course in Yorkshire.

11 PAGE 95.

— of that cast.

Quere? Caste.

LETTER X.

4 PAGE 99.

— a *brasserie*.

A brewery.

* PAGE 100.

— *Boulogne was bad enough,*

Boulogne has been nicknamed Newgate, from the number of *mauvais sujets* that run over there from England.

3 PAGE 101.

— *shows his white feather.*

To those who are not cockfighting amateurs, it may be necessary to explain, that birds with much white in their tails, are supposed to be wanting in the courage so essential to the sport, and hence the fashionable slang expression for a coward, that he shows the white feather.

4 PAGE 101.

As if it were the proud panache.

The brave Henri Quatre wore a white plume.—Who does not remember the words of that galant prince, on going into action, at the Battle of Ivry?—*Si vous perdez vos enseignes, ralliez-vous à mon panache blanc; vous le trouverez toujours au chemin de l'honneur et de la gloire.*

5 PAGE 102.

— *won't buy her a brew-ette.*

The word *brouette*, literally a wheelbarrow, is often familiarly used for a carriage of any description.

6 PAGE 107.

— *had his beer aboard.*

To have one's beer aboard—to be drunk, a slang expression.

7 PAGE 108.

— *take leave of Heavy Wet.*

Heavy Wet is also a slang term for a certain beverage made of two sorts of beer.

LETTER XI.

1 PAGE 110.

— *a muckle of two mickles.*

Scotch proverb.

NOTES.

2 PAGE 110.

— *his ignoble name from France.*

In France, the names of the nobility are, or rather were taken from their lands, and are distinguished by having the article *de* before them. as de Richelieu, de Noailles, etc. The names of the common people, or *roturiers*, are either derived from some sobriquet, or nickname, or else from something belonging to their trades; and have no article—as in English, we might call a coal heaver *Billy Coal*, or a Cooper *Jacke Stave*.

3 PAGE 112.

— *no attic in his salt.*

A dash of wit in writing, or conversation, was often called a seasoning of *attic salt*, by the ancients; because the people of Attica, or the Athenians were supposed to have more learning, and wit, than any other people of Greece, on which account, the Roman youth of distinction, were frequently sent to Athens to be educated. It is a pity that the hero of this letter, with his French name, Italian trade, English fortune, and residence in Belgium, did not have his *salt* from *Attica*.

4 PAGE 113.

— *looks in his parsley bed.*

I think this is, according to well informed Nursemaids,

the place where little infants are found, like *Love among the roses*, or *little Moses* among the bulrushes.

5 PAGE 113.

With oily Ajax, etc. —

Proceeding in the usual way, from the nursery to the school, I am reminded of a piece of school boy's wit, in translating Ajax Oileus and Ajax Telamon — Ajax the *oilman* and Ajax the *tallowman*.

6 PAGE 118.

With his long sword, and saddle, bridle.

This is the burden of a low song, sung at some of the theatres.

LETTER XII.

1 PAGE 124.

— *Ferdinand le Catholique.*

See note to letter VI.

NOTES:

106

² PAGE 124.

Those days of merry carnival.

See note ² to letter V.

³ PAGE 125.

And make the number up to six.

This is a mistake as to the number, which has accrued in the hurry of writing.

⁴ PAGE 126.

— to do things nately.

Neatly. — This is another Irish rhyme. See note ³ to letter VI.

⁵ PAGE 127.

No Laplander or South sea Islander.

The Laplanders carry their hospitality so far, as to offer their wives to strangers. The husbands in some of the South sea Islands too, look upon their wives' prostitution, with a degree of polite *sang froid* worthy of *gens comme il faut* in the most highly civilised nations. Scotland is, I believe, comparatively barbarous in this respect, but one sometimes meets scotch *gens comme il faut* too in one's travels.

6 PAGE. 127.

— *for the duties of croupier.*

The *croupier* is he that seconds the *tailleur* at a gaming-table, or the chairman at a dinner. The supply of wine comes more particularly under his management.

7 PAGE 128.

— *their hôtel in Angleterre.*

The english balls are given at the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

8 PAGE 129.

— *the old disputes of Trent.*

The council of Trent, held in the 16th century, was, in point of fact, one of the most peaceable that ever was assembled on ecclesiastical affairs, and therefore I might seem, to have introduced it rather for the rhyme, than the reason, but it should be remembered that it lasted one and twenty years, and that our chapel disputes have been going on, for more than a third of that time; since one of the pamphlets on the subject, begins by informing us, that they existed seven years ago, and had begun even earlier.

NOTES.

167

9 PAGE 130.

— *seek after* leasing.

See the psalms.

10 PAGE 132.

Place pompiers, etc—

The pompiers or firemen, who form a sort of military armed corps, do the business of the police, in Brussels. As to their being placed at the door of the English chapel, see a pamphlet published on the occasion by a reverend clergyman.

11 PAGE 132.

Forbidding entrance to Black guards.

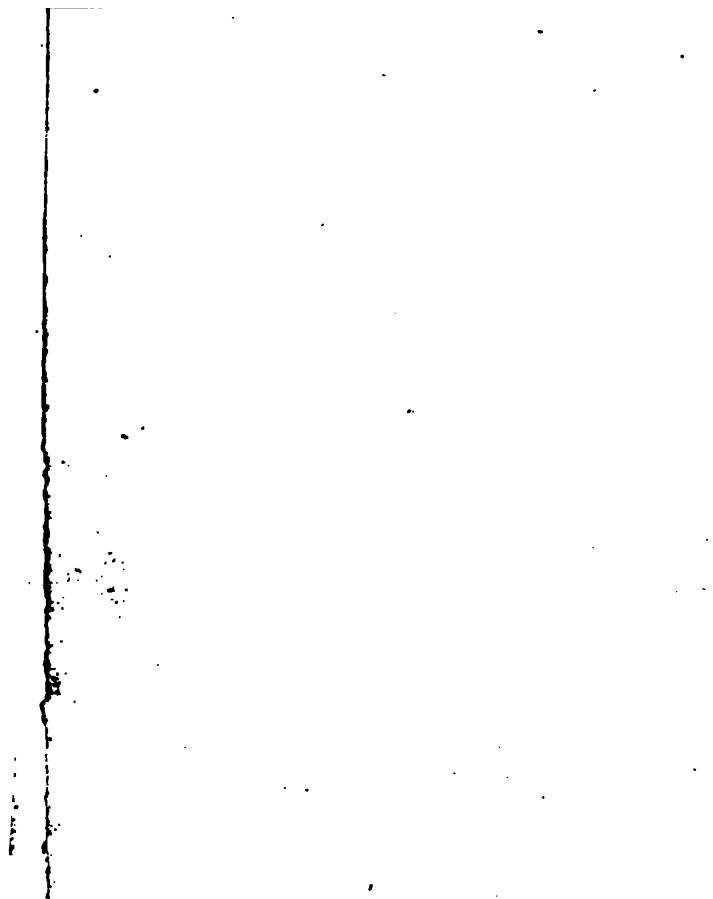
See the above mentioned pamphlet.

END OF THE NOTES.



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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 284: 1039-1044.

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Figure 1. The effect of the number of trials on the number of correct responses. The number of correct responses was significantly higher than the number of incorrect responses in all cases. The number of correct responses was significantly higher than the number of incorrect responses in all cases. The number of correct responses was significantly higher than the number of incorrect responses in all cases.

